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CALIFORNIA PIONEER

AND OTHER POEMS.

LIZZIE F. BALDY.

In tribute to

Edna W. Cathcart

from a gift by

Mr. Richard M. Blois

Stanford University Memorial Fund

THE

CALIFORNIA PIONEER

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

LIZZIE F. BALDY.

SAN FRANCISCO:
Bacon & Company, Book and Job Printers.
1879.

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DEDICATION.

TO

My Brother,

WILLIAM B. WALLACE.

LOS ANGELES,
March, 1879.

CONTENTS.

The California Pioneer,	9
Temperance Poem,	33
Our National Day,	38
Maud,	41
The Sea,	45
The Broken Ring,	48
Echoes,	50
To a Picture,	52
The Old Log Church,	54
Lulu,	57
Ultimamento,	59
Two Voices,	62
Clara,	65
Impromptu,	67
Love,	70
Mary,	73
Lethe,	76
"The River of Lethe,"	78
Unrest,	81
To M. R. R.,	83
A Warning,	86
Beside the Sea,	89
A Birthday Poem,	92
The Rainbow	94
Twilight Musings,	96
Mother, Home, and Heaven,	99
The Boy's Request,	100

By the Window, - - - - - - 102
Among the Roses, - - - - - 104
Carrie, - - - - - - - 106
Beautiful Bay, - - - - - - 108
What Though? - - - - - - 110
Baby Lizzie, - - - - - - 111
Willie, - - - - - - - 113
A Garland, - - - - - - 115
Lines to Addie, - - - - - - 117
In Memoriam, - - - - - - 120
Isolation, - - - - - - - 122
When my Ship Comes in from Sea, - - 125
No God, - - - - - - - 127
Orange Blossoms, - - - - - 130
Refrain - - - - - - - 132
Dead Hopes, - - - - - - 134
The Brook, - - - - - - - 136
Robes, - - - - - - - 138
Little Lu, - - - - - - - 140
Mamma's Kiss, - - - - - - 141
Death's River, - - - - - - 142
The Orphan's Prayer, - - - - 144
Spring, - - - - - - - 145
Pity, - - - - - - - 146
Too Late, - - - - - - - 149
Lines, - - - - - - - 151
Los Angeles, - - - - - - 153
Shadows, - - - - - - - 156
California, - - - - - - - 158

The California Pioneer.

GOOD NIGHT! Good night! I cannot rest;
the old yet sweet refrain
Calls up the phantoms of the past to throng my
weary brain.
'T was twenty years ago to-night, I left my eastern
home
A boy with heart as buoyant as the light ocean
foam.
A mother's tender kiss was pressed upon my beard-
less face;
E'en now I see the pleading eyes of my sweet sister
Grace,
And feel her arms around my neck just as they
were of yore;
She came and tried to win me back, outside the
kitchen door—
"Oh, brother darling! do not go to California's
shore;
We love you—do not risk your life for all her
golden ore.
Stay with us—stay on the old farm; father is grow-
ing old,
And half the anguish of her heart mother's face
hath not told.

The silver threads are creeping fast among her locks of brown,—
Ah! would you give her loving voice for all the world's renown?
Stay! brother, stay! Oh, do not leave the dear old pleasant farm
With all its recollections sweet—here you are safe from harm."
She twined her arms around my neck, and thought to win me back;
But we have eager hearts in youth for the adventurous track.
"No, sister, no! I cannot stay—but I will soon return,
And you shall have a portion, dear, of all the wealth I earn.
Then there is May—bright, bonny May—make glad her lonely life;
She said she'd wait for my return, and then she'd be my wife."
It seems so strange to think to-night of all the days long dead—
How I stood at the garden gate, and held May's golden head
Upon my shoulder, and we spoke the dear old vows once more;
I came to win May's fortune when I sought the Golden Shore.

We sailed next day; there were just five from out my native town.
'T was the fairest day of all the year—Nature had not a frown

Upon her face; our hearts were light; we were
sure of success;
We thought the brave old ship was good; nor
would we doubt confess.
'T was on mid-ocean, far from land, the awful storm
came down—
The white-caps leaping in the air obeyed the Storm
Fiend's frown,
Until the good ship creaked and groaned just like
a living thing;
Some knelt and prayed unto their God, and some
stood shuddering
To see the white waves leap the deck, the lightning
cleave the sky,
While all around was darkest night—the waves
rolled mountain high.
The captain's voice was heard above the thundering
of the storm:
"Come, come!—be quick!" the captain cried—
't was he gave the alarm—
"Cut loose the boats, and fill them all; the old
ship will go down!
The women and the children first!" he said it with
a frown,
For men were pressing forward fast, all eager for
the boat;
It seemed like ages unto us ere she began to float.
One woman and her child were left—a lady fair and
frail;
She went into the boat with us, the last one left to
sail.
The ship went down; the captain stood upon her
reeling prow,

And calmly given was each command; he was the last to go.
We floated off; each boat was full, yet three went down that night;
And the Storm King lost his fury before the morning light,
When Aurora hung her curtains of gold o'er the glowing east,
Ere King Sol let fall his yellow ray o'er Neptune's troubled breast.
Each one looked forth with eager eyes scanning the horizon in vain,
Naught met our view but the fragments strewn upon the surging main,
All that was left of the good old ship—the mermaids stole the rest.
Before us floated a small cask, behind us was a chest,
Worth more than all the wealth of earth to us poor famished few.
The water shut within the cask was fresh as sparkling dew;
The chest contained the bread; we sought and reached the precious two.
How sparingly was dealt to each their wee mite, day by day,
And yet how fast our little all, how fast it passed away.
Here mother love, stronger than death, thought only of her child,
And every day her portion saved for him she loved so wild;

And prayed as only women pray, when all they
love 's at stake:
"Oh! Father, watch and save us all, for the dear
Savior's sake.
No sail in sight, oh! God of love, have mercy on
us all."
Only the sea-birds in the air echoed the maddened
call.
No water save the great salt sea—no bread—all, all
is gone,
And the gaunt specter Hunger lurks, while we float
hopeless on.
Now Death is drawing closer still; is there indeed
no God?
Oh! for a glimpse of the bright earth, one sight of
the green sod.
The mother clasped her darling child and wildly
prayed for him:
"Oh! look once more, good Captain, look! far o'er
the ocean's rim
Is there no sail in sight? I pray, dear Father, save
my child!—
I cannot, cannot give him up, unto the waters wild."

The sharks slowly followed the boat, waiting their
human prey;
Yet all the night we prayed to God, and all the
endless day—
That He would send some help to us, over the great
salt sea,
But when the tenth sun dawned in heaven three
weary souls were free;

Their emaciated forms still lay touched by the
snowy wave;
The rest had not the strength to give the dead a
watery grave.
Then we had ceased to pray for life, and calmly
waited death;
There was no hope, we thought, except to stop each
weary breath.
The other boats had drifted off, we know not where
they went.
The mother still clasped her pale boy, her life was
almost spent;
She seemed to cling to it for him; for self, she had
no thought.
Oh! the pure strength of mother love, what wonder
it hath wrought;
For when he wildly prayed for bread, and we had
none to give,
She brought the portion she had saved, starving
that he might live;
And when the eleventh sun appeared, and "Water"
was his cry,
She cut the vein of her white arm, and prayed he
might not die.
Then God looked down and heard her prayer, a
white sail met her view,—
Rose like a tiny bird of white far o'er the ocean
blue;
Nearer and nearer came the ship, and though I
know not why,
But yet, I think within our hearts we'd rather she'd
passed by.

Perhaps it was because we were so near the other shore,
Death brought no terrors unto us, the fearful past was o'er.
And yet the vessel nearer came, till strong and willing hands
Caught up the dying from our boat, and broke Death's chilly bands.
'T was then the glad cry of the child, "Oh! mother, help is nigh!
Speak, mother, speak! open your eyes, the stately ship is by;
You prayed so long, oh, mother, dear, that God has heard at last,—
You always said that He would keep us in that dreadful past;
And here is life, and meat, and drink, we shall not want again.
Oh! mother, speak! oh! mother, smile,—why is that look of pain
Upon your face when all are saved?" He fondly raised her head,
And oh! the wild sad cry of pain when he saw she was dead.
The stout hearts of those hardened men wept for that child's deep grief,
Yet all the comfort they could give brought to him no relief.
He clung around that loved one's form with a broken heart's despair,
And many a loving, pleading word rang through the salt sea air.

Oh, Death, who breaks so many hearts and giveth
the weary rest,
Why is it in our ignorance we know not what is
best?
He watcheth where our feet may tread o'er land or
ocean wild,
And the same loving, tender care he gives unto each
child.
And lifting upward our hearts in darkness and de-
spair,
We feel our Father's loving hand; His voice steals
through the air,
And whispers to each breaking heart, "Tired spirit,
peace, be still!
There is a world beyond this realm where Peace
and Love fulfil
The dreams that you have lost on earth; the
thoughts here most sublime
Shall there outshine with grander light the master
strokes of Time."

We rounded into the Golden Gate over the ocean
bar
Into the city young and fair that had been our lead-
ing star;
Into the city foul with sin, close to the Mission
gray,
Where many a holy Jesuit priest had bowed his
head to pray.
O'er the sand hills bare and bleak the fog-mist
floated in
Like a wraith of sorrow stealing away from the
city's noisy din.

The wings of morning brought the light from out the eastern sky,
As we heard the captain's harsh command, the sailors' quick reply.
Up to the wharf, where a motley crew of people met our view,
She gave her living cargo up – the false ones and the true.
A few hearts on the good old ship were knit so close together
That we had sworn to never part in bright or stormy weather.
Although we each one came for gold, yet kind and friendly feeling
Could not be kept by yellow dust from o'er us gently stealing.
The shipwreck on the stormy seas, the troubles there unnumbered,
Were hidden close within each heart where Memory never slumbered.
The orphan boy left to our charge had drawn our hearts around him
Until it seemed as though each soul was one more link that bound him
And bound us all together, too. We stept upon the shore,
And through the city white with tents our little band of four
Went onward in its restless march after the golden treasure,
Up through the dry and sandy streets, with steps whose restless measure

Kept time with the quick-throbbing hearts, and led
us up the river
To Sacramento's tented town, where many a hard-
ened driver
Urged forth his slow and patient team: to us the
sight was novel;
In ox team and its tented wagon, a strange, quaint
way to travel;
Yet those who sought the mining towns took this
or any way,
For every body was well met, and every heart was
gay—
A country new in everything brings down upon a
level—
So fine and coarse, and high and low, joined in the
golden revel.
Even the name we brought from home for years
was never heard;
'T was "Yankee Jim," and "Old Kentuck," with
many a strange, quaint word.
While traveling up the dusty road o'er Sacramen-
to's plain,
Our orphan boy became the pet of the gold-hunters'
train.
The Saxon beauty of his face, his manner tinged
with sadness,
Seemed such a contrast to the place, and to the
men's rough gladness.
We traveled onward up the road through many a
mining camp,
Until we reached the little town just as the even-
ing damp

And chilling dew fell over all; and bright the camp-fire burning
Lit up the Mecca of our hopes, to which our steps were turning.
Unlike a weary pilgrim band we waited for the morning
With hearts impatient, hopes all high, untouched by failure's warning.
We threw our blankets on the ground to dream of nuggets hiding
Within the pockets of our claim, where they had long been biding,
And with the morning light awoke. There, circled by the hills,
Was Hangtown with her hidden wealth; and through the morning's still
And quiet beauty swept the wind through forest ranks of pine.
Above, the sunrise brilliant tints traced by the hand divine;
The sweet scent of the chapparal; the manzanita's bloom;
The flowers of every hue that fell from Nature's wondrous loom.
The picture filled our hearts with awe; the mocking bird's rich song
Seemed a fit anthem for the State so young, so fair, and strong.

We pitched our tents beside the stream,
Just where the red sun's first bright beam
Lit up the little mining camp;

And where the air was cool and damp,
E'en in the heat of summer time.
Here, in our semi-tropic clime,
Where perfumed flowers of every hue
Greeted the early miner's view,
And where the bird on golden wing
Essayed the gayest song to sing;
Here, where the pine-tree and the oak
Concealed the squirrel, which awoke
And fled through cedar, fir, and yew,
In vain to escape the miner's view.
Prospecting over hill and dale,
From early dawn until the pale
Stars shine in their far azure home,
To watch the eager wanderer roam.
The claim is found, it prospects well,
And conjectures too wild to tell,
Are talked of round the evening fire;
The theme of which they did not tire,
Of all the wealth long hidden there,
Ah, wondrous castles built in air.
The sluices to be bought and made,
The picks and shovels, if it paid;
The way that we would work it, too,
The cabin we would build in view
Of this great claim, beneath the tree
Which spread its giant arms so free,
Forming a canopy of green
Through which the sun-rays looked between.
Yes, there was much indeed to do,
The work was plenty, hands were few;
So with the lumber on the ground,

And nails and hammers scattered round,
Our merry hearts that beat as light
As the wild bird with plumage bright,
Which roars above our mortal eyes,
Until it seems to pierce the skies.
Then we went to work each with a will,—
Nor all day long was the hammer still,
Until the sun, sinking down to rest,
Hung her golden curtains o'er the west;
Then we clustered round the great camp-fire,
To talk of the claim, while the flames leaped higher,
Perchance in the background a grizzly's eyes
Would glare at us miners in sullen surprise.

'Twas a motley crew met in that small place,
There were men from every clime and race,—
Gentle and passionate, proud and cold,—
Gentleman, ruffian, seeking for gold.
Mingling all round the camp-fire bright,
Watching the welkin above all white,
Thinking of loved ones left at home,—
Praying ever for their return;—
Watching the cedar embers burn,
Counting the days since the salt sea foam,
Reaching his white arm up to the land,
Bore them away from that loving band.
What tears were shed; what prayers were said,
Murmured lowly as o'er the dead;
Beautiful lips grew ashen pale;
Beautiful hands so small and frail
Held them fast with a clasp of love,

Praying the angels in heaven above
Carefully watch o'er the wanderers here.

Beautiful eyes, not sorrow's tear
Need you shed for the wanderers here.
Beautiful lips, no prayer of thine
Can win them back o'er the ocean's brine;
And yet, perchance as the years roll round,
Their hearts will list for the happy sound
They heard long ago in childhood's home
Ere their feet had learned from thence to roam.
Oh! to see once more my mother's face;
My sister rich in her girlish grace;
And to hear my father's blessing said
'Mid the little throng. Ah! some are dead;
And some by the promise of wealth are led
From the dear old home.

Built but of rough, unhewn logs, the miners' cabin stood
Beside the little rippling stream which wandered through the wood;
Scarce six feet high, with but one room, that only eight by ten;
A chimney reaching half across gave warmth unto the men
When after the day's work was done we sat there grouped around,
And talked of homes so far away as consecrated ground.
The thoughts of loved ones over there beyond the ocean's billows

Had often caused our hearts a sigh, and sometimes
stained our pillows;
Yet we bravely worked and well in that humble
dwelling;
We burnt and weighed the golden dust while our
hearts were swelling
With such wild rapture for the love which kept
our lives so pure.
We ever prayed to Him in faith for patience to en-
dure
The little time that we should dwell upon the
Golden Shore;
But oh! the years we wanted short have grown to
full a score.
We talked with many loving words of wife, and
child, and mother;
And he who clasped a miner's hand was treated
like a brother.
There was no haughty creed, or caste; no social
laws which parted
Man from man in the Golden State—the miner was
free-hearted,
And he who reached those early camps, seeking for
help in need,
Was always sure from liberal hands to find a friend
in deed.

The old log-cabin by the stream is but a wreck to-
day,
And twenty years have come and gone down Time's
relentless way.
Ah, me! what human hearts may bear, and human
hands may weave!

How weary eyes may long for home, and weary
souls may grieve!
What magic tie hath held us here, there are few to-
day could tell;
The enchantment of those early days still holds its
mystic spell.
Many a claim has been worked out, and many an
ounce of gold
Has dropped from out the crucible as from a fiery
mould,
And lit the hopes which rose so high: we saw no
spectral hand
Dropping its deadly mantle down upon Love's dis-
tant band.
Slowly across the briny deep the white-winged mes-
sage came,
I knew the letter there enclosed would bear my sis-
ter's name.
I broke the seal with trembling hands as quick as
the heart-throbs beat;
I never dreamt what fearful news my eager eyes
should meet:
"Our mother's dead." Oh! God, I prayed, take
back the stern decree,
What words of awful agony went upward unto
Thee.
'T was Grace who touched the sweet pale face within
the coffin lying,
While I only prayed in anguish wild, "Oh! God,
that I were dying."
She filled poor sister's little world, this darling
angel mother,

And as she kissed the dead white face, she felt
there was no other.
We could not see the loving hand, the mourner's
God and Father,
Or how with tender, noiseless care his angels he
doth gather.
I only felt in my anguished heart how they took
her on the morrow,
And laid her 'neath the cold, green sod. God, pity
our first great sorrow.
"Our mother 's dead," again I trace those words
with anguish keen,
And see my darling sister's face, while distance
drops her screen.
'T was far beyond the Pacific's wave, the Atlantic's
snowy foam,
She died, with dear ones round her bed in her
peaceful Eastern home.
And thus they wrote: "She calmly died, so gently
passed away,
We hardly knew when she awoke unto God's eternal day."
Shall I never see save in memory, her loving face
so mild,
That ever turned a look of love to her restless,
wayward child?
Who knoweth now her spirit eyes may watch her
cherished boy,
Or beckon him on with her angel wings to her home
of endless joy.
God only knows, we can but wait till we hear our
Father's call,

To take us from this school below to that home
prepared for all.
Time brought the solace only He to breaking hearts
can bear,
I took the weary burden up with all its toil and
care;
Dear letters came from sister Grace, yet dearer ones
from May,
She strove to make my sorrow less in her sweet,
girlish way;
She counted up the months when I should be at
home once more,
And hinted something then of Grace which I had
thought before—
How soon a sister I should lose and she a sister
gain—
Yet while the news brought joy to me it held a
dash of pain;
That May's brother and sister Grace should be the
wedded two,
Where May and I had hoped to live our love life
grand and true.
She wrote, "Come home, your father's steps are
getting weak and slow,
He's old, we cannot know the day when he may
from us go;
He says that he must see his boy just once before
he dies.
Come back, my truant one, come back, and gladden
those dim eyes—
And other eyes. Ah! well you know what greet-
ings you would win,

Words cannot tell, each of us keeps so closely locked within
Our inmost hearts' deep cloister your memory as a shrine,
Where I have yielded up to you a love almost divine."
May's letter woke within my heart thoughts I could never still—
They haunted me around the claim, and over vale and hill;
Where'er I went her sweet, pale face and wealth of golden hair
Was always sure to be with me a picture saintly fair;
Those violet eyes, how fair the gem for which I dared aspire,
They lit within my inmost heart Love's strong magnetic fire.

One night, when evening shadows fell athwart the weary earth,
We talked of our rich placer claim, and of its golden worth,
When sick at heart, I offered mine for such a sum I knew
I would not be an owner long, and yet the other two
Condoled and argued, tried to find some greater reason why
My heart should reach across the seas in answer to love's cry.
Yet when I'd sold my interest out, and packed my things to go,

I felt a throb of tender pain through all my being flow.
The boy whom three of us had watched since first we reached the shore,
Was with us still, grown dearer now than he had been before.
He won his way into our hearts until each of us thought
Him our own; and future dreams with his bright glory fraught
Filled many a waking hour of night, and many a long day.
So 't was the thought of leaving him that checked me on my way;
And yet when we had talked about "our Paul," the little waif,
We fixed upon a certain school where we thought he'd be safe.
We had each of us agreed to bear of his expense our share—
Three guardians watching over him with many an unsaid prayer.

I crossed the ocean's briny deep, and reached my native land.
I sought my happy childhood's home with its bowed and broken band.
My mother's face—oh! how I missed her saintly presence there!
My father's bowed and weakened form, crowned with his silver hair,
Told me the year since mother's death had worn upon him fast;

And well we knew that soon for him earth's trials would be past.
And Grace was married; all her life seemed filled with acts of love.
With her smiling face of girlhood days, and gentle ways, she wove
A magic circle, charming all within the dear old home,
And made the years that I had passed beyond the ocean foam
Seem as a dream—a far-off dream of something that was not;
And yet that fair-haired boy's sweet face I never quite forgot.
I sought for May—my cherished May—the hope of all my life;
She who 'd remained through all the years my faithful promised wife;
Yet when I reached her pleasant home, the cottage on the lea,
Although the flowers bloomed as bright, a feeling came to me
That somewhere in the glowing light a shadow seemed to wait—
A feeling which will sometimes come; a something so innate
We cannot tell from whence it springs, or what should call it forth;
It comes a herald sorrow sends, chilling life's greatest worth.

I only know my breaking heart could not have
borne more.
I cannot tell you of the days I spent within her
door;
I saw her fading day by day until the autumn
came,
And then above a little mound they carved my
darling's name.
I cannot tell you more; the wound is just as deep
to-day
As 't was upon that autumn eve we watched her
pass away.
Ah, me! the sorrow of that day, deep hidden in
my breast,
Lies like all deepest thoughts of life—we talk of
them the least.
The surface ripples with a word, a smile, or frown
at will;
But the stronger springs which move the soul lie
far more deep and still.
I could not stay; the dear old home had lost its
charm for me;
Within each tree and flower I found links of love's
memory;
And e'en the birds which sang so sweet caught up
love's broken cords.
So when Grace urged me to remain she only wasted
words.
I knew our father, safe with her, would slowly sink
to rest,
And—well, they had no need of me; 't was only
love's request.

Then once again from out the home where first I greeted life
I turned my feet into the world to meet its toil and strife,
Back to the Golden State again where Paul was all my care,
He was my only blessing then; and he is with me here.
No son could give a father more than he has given me,
For I 'm the only one that's left out of the watchful three.
And sometimes, when I'm looking back through all those years of gloom,
I see a shadow of myself from the past vapors loom;
A homeless, weary, aimless man, without a thought of hope,
The darkest shadow o'er my soul through which no light could grope,
'T was doubt, the doubt of everything, fell like a mantle down,
And closed my soul as in a spell, until my heart had grown
So skeptical I almost thought and said there was no God:
That man was nothing, would not rise above earth's lowest clod.
And so for many weary months the shadows darker grew,
Until an angel touched my soul and let God's sunlight through.

'T was far upon the border land 'twixt this life and
the other,
And when the fever reached its height a dream of
May and mother,
Or may be 't was their very selves, I never yet
could tell,
For when I try to think of it there comes a mys-
tic spell
Around the dream, or vision still; yet through the
years that came
Unto my lonely life, it left a pure and holy name,
Which scattered all the shades of doubt, and now
I 'm waiting here
Until another angel calls, and I again draw near
The border land which leads us down the river's
damp, dark shore,
Where we await the boatman's strokes to row us
gently o'er.

Temperance Poem,

Written for Merrill Lodge No. 229, Los Angeles.

BROTHERS and Sisters, here to-night we feel
the great fraternal bands,
Which clasp around our Golden State sweet Temperance's pure hands,
From Siskiyou's mountains crowned with snow, where Winter sends his fragile flowers,
To where Los Angeles' orange-blooms throw the perfume of her bridal bowers;
From north and south, from east and west, our family circle gathers in,
To pledge our lives anew to-night, to fight the darkest form of sin:
To drive from out the State we love the saddest curse of our fair land;
To take once more before the world the bravest boldest, firmest stand.
True soldiers in a noble cause,—Faith, Hope, and Charity;—we hold
The mystic three with magic wand, worth more than all Golconda's gold.
Faith holds the scepter, and we see afar in future years to come

Our Goddess Temperance, clothed in white, drive
Bacchus from his vineyard home.
Oh! may she soon rule o'er our land, till every heart
shall sing her fame;
No more the drunkard's fiery cup shall steep the
souls of men in shame;
No more the little hands shall cling around the
drunken father's knee;
But every household in our land shall from the
awful curse be free.
Hope takes the scepter, and we look abroad upon
our golden land,
And see the tiny hands that hold the badge which
marks her youthful band;
These little ones whose souls are pure; upon their
brows no shadow lies;
They see earth redolent with flowers 'neath child-
hood's sunny skies;
Too near to God to feel the pain that comes to
those of older years;
They are His chosen little ones. Hope keeps them
from the drunkard's fears.
Oh, Temperance Lodges! be it yours to guide
aright each youthful band!
Ye may not know the wondrous zeal some little
word of yours hath fanned;
Yet in the future years to come, the seed that you
have sown to-day
May blossom all around your path, and shed its
perfume o'er your way;
And when this earthly lodge is closed, and you
have ta'en the last degree,

How many souls be yours in heaven marked with the sign "Fidelity."
Where Love the greatest power on earth still wields secure his wondrous art,
And whispers to each drooping soul his magic password to the "heart."
Sweet Charity now takes the wand, and waves it o'er the drunkard's home;
The Good Samaritan of earth, she whispers to the fallen "Come."
She spreads her robe o'er sin and shame, hid in the wine-cup's fearful draught,
To wash the plague-spots from the soul, she bids them earth's first nectar quaff.
Hebe poured no sweeter for the Gods, than we may find in silver springs,
Or in the perfumed mountain streams, o'er which the snow-white lily swings.
'T is consecrated since the time that Moses led the tribes of old
Unto Mount Horeb's holy side, and smote the rock till water rolled
Down to the waiting multitude, saving the people that he led:
And so should we like him of old raise many a weary, drooping head,
Place roses on the fading cheeks, smooth wrinkles from the pallid brow;
Joy and Peace shall come to all who take the Templar's solemn vow.
We gather here to guide aright the interests of our noble band,

Then let us now with will and might stand soul to soul, as hand to hand,
A solid phalanx; so no foe shall ever break the living wall;
And yet each watchman in our ranks shall hear the faintest, lowest call.
Help be given to all who come, fraternal hands shall hold them up,
And lift to nobler paths on earth the one who spurns the drunkard's cup.
The Golden Rule should mark our lives, leaving a record most sublime,
Our trophies should be human souls saved for our monuments of time.
And greater heroes there are none in all the songs that poets sing,
Than he who firmly turns away from where the tempters' voices ring;
And Titan-like raises his head above the demon at his side,
Although the syren voices call to Lethe's dark and noisome tide;
That false nepenthe of the soul which burns out honor, joy, and love;
And leaves a thing that's sunk so low even the angels up above
Must shade their eyes and turn away, it is so sad and strange a thing.
Lost! lost for aye! the echoes roll till Temperance stops the saddened ring.
A soul is saved, and shouts of joy pass through the corridors on high,

Until it reaches God's white throne, where the river of life flows by.
Banner Lodge of California, brothers and sisters here to-night,
Let us with loyal, earnest zeal clasp firmly on the shield of right.
The demons of despair and death will pass their poisoned cup around,
Then be it ours to wage the war for Temperance's consecrated ground;
Until at last the work is done, and we from our Grand Worthy Chief
Receive the gift he offers all who work in Jesus' pure belief.
Within the circle of His love where the river of life flows at our feet,
With Heaven's Regalia for our prize and all our loved ones there to meet;
Never again to lose them, there, but safe through all eternity,
We hold them fast in the circles of Love, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Our National Day.

FLING out your proud banner, the red, white, and blue,
Shall ever float over the bravest and true.
From the sweet sunny South to the far Northern seas,
May our national banner float on the fresh breeze;
Oh! Americans greet it, cast hatred away,
Let your hearts blend in peace on our national day.

Where the orange groves wave their rich fruitage of gold,
To where the Sierras stand frowningly bold,
The "City of the Plains," with its capital grand,
Unite and rejoice all o'er our glad land.
From Florida's coast to the far Northern Maine,
May our national day meet its welcome again.

Let the boom of the cannon sound o'er the glad earth,
O'er a century hath fled since our nation had birth;
Bid the grim tyrant Time bring back all his dead;
The battle-fields, too, where the brave soldiers bled;
The Father of our country, noble Washington,
We will never forget while the centuries run.

The patriots who stood brave, noble, and true,
Beneath the first folds of the red, white, and blue;
Oh! Death, with thy sickle, so bright and so keen,
See they, through the vail of life's silvery sheen,
How we reverence the day they fought for and died?
May it ever be America's pride.

So young and so fair, so mammoth and strong;
The pride of the earth, the avenger of wrong;
From thirteen tiny States, our nation hath grown
From sea unto sea, and our bright flag is known
All over the earth, where in ocean or bay
The zephyrs and waves are ever at play.

Hearts true and strong fight as bravely for right,
As all the heroes who 've passed from our sight;
When at Valley Forge, through blood-trodden snow;
Without clothing or food, and hearts full of woe,
The troops and their leader awaited the spring,
To fight for the nation where freedom should cling.

And fair Wyoming, with horrors untold,
Still lives through time. The martyrs so bold,
Who gave their lives for Liberty's cause,
Refusing the weight of Saxon laws,
Fell by the Delaware's rippling tide,
And from the "Niagara," brave Perry's pride.

When the "Guerriere" met the "Yankee craft,"
How the tory captain proudly laughed;
Ah! he little thought of shot and shell,
Which could prove the Yankee's will so well;
Yet the ship went down 'neath the blue wave—
Left Hull the victor, staunch and brave.

How oft were the rivers and lakes dyed red!
How oft were the battle-fields strewn with the dead!
How oft was the tomahawk buried in the blood
Of women and children; till the crimson-dyed flood
Swept all o'er the land with such terrible power,
That the stoutest hearts quailed in that dismal hour!

Ah! this was the price paid for Freedom's sweet home;
May she furl her white wings, and never more roam
From the nation that loves her, but ever remain.
Our bright flag will float from main unto main;
And Americans shall rejoice and be free
Forever in the land of Liberty.

Maud.

TWILIGHT is creeping,
Bright stars are peeping,
Silent watch keeping
Over the night;
Little birds sleeping,
Bright flowers weeping,
Zephyrs are sweeping
Over them light.

Yes, haste to the shore,
And dip the bright oar,
Nor list to the roar
Of the rough wave;
Haste to the meeting,
Old Time is fleeting,
Angry waves beating
Down by the cave.

Sweet Maud is flying,
Bright stars are prying,
Zephyrs are sighing,
Why will you go?
Now you rush headlong;
If you should live long,

Don't you think ere long
You will find woe?

Oh, no! no, never,
Though we live ever,
True love forever
  Will bind our hearts;
We will go trusting,
Nor with heart bursting,
When we are thirsting,
  Drink of his arts.

This adage keeping,
Look before leaping,
Better than weeping,
  Dear little Maud;
Fie! you don't hear me,
Though you are near me,
For you, oh! dear me,
  Think this is fraud.

Now you care for naught,
And you have no thought
Save those with love fraught—
  Ah, fie! Maud, fie!
Close you must cherish,
Then it will flourish,
Slighted, 'twill perish—
  Love will soon die.

Thus whispered the flower,
Did all in its power,

In that night's hour
To stop Maud's feet;
Maud would not listen,
Bright her eyes glisten,
As she doth hasten
Some one to meet.

Fearing no slaughter,
Maud, only daughter,
Over the water
Is watching a boat;
Light it skims o'er,
Touches the shore—
"Darling, step lower"—
Outward they float.

Fair Maud is flying,
Bright stars are prying,
Zephyrs are sighing—
Why will you go?
Left father and mother,
Sister and brother,
All for this other,
When Love said Go.

What will they think, Maud,
When they find by fraud,
Some lover with laud
Has stolen their bird?
Maud, are you not wrong?
No more the gay song,
Long, shall they wait long,
Ere it is heard.

O'er the waves darting,
Some one's heart is smarting
For the words of parting
That will never come.
Stop the dull heart aching,
And the low sobs breaking,
Like a child awaking
Far away from home.

For me you left all,
Even your father's hall,
Maud, would you recall
All that is past?
Some one is kissing her,
Some one is blessing her,
Are any missing her
Whom he holds fast?

The Sea.

"I should like to sail on, and forever, and never touch the shore again."—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

AWAY o'er the great blue ocean,
Far out on the shoreless sea;
Away from the world's commotion,
I long forever to be;
Where the throbs and the pulsation
Of the great heart of the world
Through the arteries of the nations
Are never madly hurled.

Where none of Earth's grief and sorrow,
Can come with its weary blight;
But where on each glad to-morrow,
We watch the billows of white,
Which the ship, like a bird of the ocean,
Flings back from her shining prow;
Like a stately bird in her motion,
Skimming o'er the waters now.

With the sea-birds sailing around us,
The porpoise leaping below;
The trackless waters surround us
With their never-ending flow;

Where the monsters of the ocean,
Tossed up the snowy spray,
And the sweet south wind's devotion,
Chideth the tropic day.

Where the Storm King in his fury,
Rides the tempest nobly grand;
The thunder is his augury,
And the lightning from his hand
Flashes on the angry ocean,
Till the waves roll mountains high;
As the wild winds shriek with passion,
Moaning upward to the sky.

Oh, Neptune, God of the Ocean,
While wooing the mermaid fair,
You 've won, with a wild emotion,
The children of earth and air;
Far down in your coral cavern
Now sitting in regal state;
Make you your laws as you govern
To blend with the Goddess Fate.

You 've hidden earth's fairest treasures
Down in your coral caves;
For love, life, beauty, and pleasure
Have sunk 'neath the seething waves;
You 've stolen the wealth of nations,
And drawn the good ship down,
For you heed neither wealth or station,
When obeying the Storm King's frown.

It 's in vain men seek thy wonders,
Beneath the mighty deep;
Afar the green waves under
Thy fairest gems still sleep.
No magic wand can ever
Bid the great waves depart;
Nor find the unknown rivers
That wander through thy heart.

For men cannot roam, mermaiden,
'Neath the sea's restless flow;
Where, in your green-wreathed aiden,
The pearls and amber grow.
The wonders earth hath never claimed,
Jewels no crown may wear,
Myriads of creatures there unnamed,
You hold those secrets rare.

Ah! the strange infatuation,
Ever calling from the sea;
With its mystic estuation,
And its unsung poesy.
We are sailing, sailing ever,
To that great and mystic sea,
On Time's swiftly flowing river,
To the Ocean — Eternity.

The Broken Ring.

"With this ring do I wed thee," he placed on her
hand
The daintiest, brightest, wee plain golden band.

"'T is for better, or worse, in life, until death,
I will love thee, my wife, as long as I've breath."

The wedding was o'er, yet the heart of the bride
Gave back no response to the one by her side.

He had sought the fair hand, nor thought of the love
That's more to a woman than worlds up above.

Years passed, and the jewel its luster had lost,
He had tarnished the gem, and forgotten its cost.

But the woman's fair face, in beauty and pride,
Covered over with roses the wound she would hide.

The mark is a part of the cross taken up;
She'll drink life's bitter draught as she would joy's
cup.

The longing for love that will enter her heart
Will steal through each fiber and crush every part,

Until, worn and weary, the cross is laid down,
Then Love, the Eternal, will give her the crown.

Blind world, call her happy, think she was, and is now,
Ah! the ring has been broken, and so has the vow.

Echoes.

I SIT in the gathering twilight,
While the silent shadows of gray
Steal up like the shades of Chaos
Ere the darkness was rolled away;
And a spell of the night came o'er me,
When I saw—or seemed to see—
Coming up from the past to the present,
Things that are or were to be.

Ah! many a hope is buried,
And many a funeral knell
Will send through our souls its echo
From Memory's deep-toned bell.
We may list to the world's gay music,
And dwell in her brilliant bowers,
Yet there 'll come up through the splendor
That knell for the lost of ours.

We may laugh at life and its passions,
And sneer at the blood and tears,
As if no heart-graves we were hiding,
Deep buried for years and years.
We may smile at another's sorrow,
And talk of the foolish things;

Yet each of us hears in the twilight
A knell which Memory rings.

Ah! we turn with a spirit vision
Down the still aisles of the past,
And we see but a fading shadow
Of the things too bright to last;
Of the dreams we pictured in beauty;
Of the castles we built in air;
Of a future life all perfect—
Love and peace sat enthronèd there.

But the dreams have faded to nothing;
The castles have crumbled to dust;
And the fair, sweet life, born in Fancy,
Hope never shall hold in trust;
And we turn away, for the pictures
Are draped with the crape of despair,
And we hear forever an echo
Of a death-knell through the air.

To a Picture.

THY face brings a memory to-day
Of a pleasant week spent in thy home,
Where the burdens of life for a time cast away,
The shadows of care which in and out stray
O'er our pathway wherever we roam.

I have wished with the Poet of old
That the land-breeze of earth may be light;
That the storm-winds of sorrow may never unfold
Their pinions, and shadow thee darkly and cold,
Or e'en touch thy young heart in its blight;

That the stars up above may look down,
And watch thee where'er thou may'st roam;
And may shield thee forever from Error's dark frown;
May cast o'er thy brow Love's radiant crown
With a halo 'round thy happy home.

I have thought of thee oft, and to-night,
As the Angel of Peace draweth nigh,
And the Day King hath passed with his legion of light
Down into the west, and out of our sight,
And Night's sentinels gem the blue sky—

I see thee again 'mid the flowers
Of thy home in our bright, sunny land,
A rival to Flora as queen of the bowers,
Thy bright ways beguiling the flight of the hours,
While I then joined as one in your band.

All the pictures which light up life's way,
Memory hangs in her close-curtained hall;
No rude stranger fingers lift the curtain away;
Thought and bright fancy through the corridors stray,
And one will ever answer your call.

May the banners of crimson and gold,
Which the King of the Day flingeth back,
Reflecting his splendor o'er woodland and wold,
Be a type of the future your eyes may behold
As you journey on life's unseen track.

Dark eyes with the shadow of dreams
Oft reflecting thy far-away light;
You see but the future, where Hope's promise gleams
'Neath Love's royal beauty, close by moonlit streams,
Where he whispers his promises bright.

I think there are some in this life
Blest with all that is fair, good, and true;
God keeps from their pathway all care, sin and strife;
Makes them blest as daughter, friend, sister and wife;
May the light of His love fall on you.

The Old Log Church.

IN the primitive days that have long past away,
When the sun shone as brightly as sun shines to-day,
Here the old church was built, and the settlement small
Held the stanch frontier heart, that would answer the call
To the volunteer ranks, when the foeman was near.
Leaping into their saddles as swift as the deer,
Pursuing the red warrior o'er plateau and dale,
Until night threw around them her dark star-gemmed vail,
Like a benison of peace bringing rest everywhere,
While the worshippers knelt in their quaint church of prayer.

Old Time holds his scepter, and beneath his stern sway
A city looms up in her stately array;
New churches have taken the place of the old,
New worshipers worship within the new fold,
Whose spires point to heaven; here the rich and the gay

Kneel low at their altars: do they all kneel to pray
With the reverence for God marking all of their moods,
As when the old church stood mid nature's solitudes;
When the faith of the people had hallowed the sod,
And they raised this rude temple to worship their God?

No fine garb of fashion, no carpeted aisles;
No cloak of vast riches, from which guilt oft smiles;
No soft cushioned pews in which sinners may rest,
Unheeding the future in the present's bequest;
No grand organ music, no fashionable choir,
But they sang the old tunes with a heartfelt desire.
The swift flowing river rolling down to the sea
Oft caught up the refrain in her wild minstrelsy;
And the wide answering pæan went up on high,
Till the echo hath flown like birds to the sky.
The church is still there and the river flows on,
But the people who built it, Oh! where have they gone?

Many bridges hang over the river's dark wave,
Progress laughs at the failures she hides in the grave;
Her bidding the iron horse obeys with a bound,
His track like a girdle spans the continent round;
The lightning of heaven flashing o'er the wire,
Brings the news of a people as a single desire.
And here Commerce, twin sister, asserts her bold sway,
While success crowns her efforts with laurels each day,

But the little log church stands deserted, alone,
Like some ancient relic whose daytime hath flown.

Oh! church as you stand in your loneliness now,
Hath the dark hand of death pressed each worshiper's brow?
Did the sunlight of peace shine with joy on each face,
As they knelt round thy altar to ask for His grace?
Our God sends his blessing in hamlet and hall,
He sees not their riches, but heeds each low call;
The church may be humble, or stately and grand,
The last to be built, or the first in the land.
The old log church may crumble to dust bye-and-bye,
But God keeps the record of each up on high

Lulu.

LULU, while the sweet bells of youth are chiming,
Luring thee ever up life's sunny slopes,
I pray no sorrow ever check thy climbing,
No specter hang its shadow o'er thy hopes.

And yet, dear Lulu, though I wish no sorrow
May find its home within thy girlish heart,
We know not what the distant far to-morrow
May bring, or what sad gift it may impart.

Remember then, as up you climb life's mountain,
Its rugged slopes are sometimes in the shade,
Should your feet tarry at Marah's bitter fountain,
Say to thy sinking heart, "Be not afraid."

Forget not when the angel touched the water,
Obeying God, the power of healing came;
And He who raised the Jewish ruler's daughter,
Bids thy young heart cherish His holy name.

Ah! Lulu, earth hath nothing worth the living,
To pay us for its sorrow and its strife,

And human hearts have not one thought worth
giving,
If the soul cannot claim eternal life.

I know too oft that when youth is surrounded
By loving friends, and all the heart holds dear,
We feel as though our little world was bounded
By love, and hope, then the soul knows no fear.

Yet grief and pain ere long will leave their traces,
And life's bright gold be changed to useless dross,
Then heavenward we must turn our tear-stained
faces,
To be lifted nearer Jesus by a cross.

I would not cast one shade of sadness o'er thee;
I would not for the world blight thy fresh youth;
I only wish, when looking far before thee,
Thy heart be filled with God's eternal truth.

Ultinamento.

A PALLID face, two white hands crossed
So calmly in death's sleep;
The life is done, through trouble tossed,
No mourners here to weep.
Oh! Time, roll back the curtained past;
Then we shall know the truth at last.

Nay, shrink not from the erring dead,
Though sin be at her feet;
Perchance upon that golden head
A mother's love as sweet
As your's; you kiss your baby fair,
And twine its curls of golden hair.

Oh! Time, roll back thy curtain now,
And in the distant past,
Ere sin had stained that snowy brow
With its nefarious blast,
Adown the far dim aisles we see
A happy home of purity.

And she who sleeps the dreamless sleep,
Was queen here over all,
Until the angels bent to weep,

That love should cause her fall:
For she believed, as woman will,
And listened to the tempter still.

Ah, poor tired sleeper, who can tell,
Save He who knoweth all,
Ere love had wrought the fatal spell;
And even 'neath his fall,
The agony thou must have known,
On the wild waves of passion thrown.

Condemned and spurned, no loving hand
To lead thee back to right;
A thousand Christians in the land,
And yet no hope in sight;
But now who knows, on that other shore
You may hear His voice, "Go, sin no more."

Ah! Christian women! as you spurn
The sinful, erring one,
Was it your Christ who bade you turn—
While his great works undone—
From sisters of your name and race,
Although they here the stain disgrace?

You strive to teach the heathen God,
Here and in lands afar;
You bow beneath His chastening rod
When darkest troubles are;
But do you pray for those at home,
Who from the paths of virtue roam?

'T was Christ, the well-beloved Son,
Who spoke those words of peace

Unto the trembling, sinful one,
And bade her sorrows cease;
Then have ye not the charity
Of Christ, who died for her and thee?

Two Voices.

First Voice.

HEART-WORN and weary, turning to-day
From all the bustle in life's busy fray;
Longing for rest that never will come
Until the messenger calls us home;
Longing for words of affection and peace;
Waiting for trial and discord to cease;
Oh! will this longing never be o'er
Till our boat reaches eternity's shore?

Second Voice.

How many life-boats are out on the stream,
Finding the joy-ports are naught but a dream?
How many lives are as bitter as yours,
Led by the demon which ever allures?
How many building their castles in air
Dream o'er the structure, stately and fair,
Only to see it crushed in a day,
As the hopes of a life-time vanish away?

First Voice.

Ah! but they never can feel as I feel,
When the bleak winds of sorrow o'er me steal;

Never was castle so stately and fair,
Real in my fancy, though built in the air;
I had planned wonderful things to be done—
Bright was my future, as bright as the sun—
Until adversity came like a cloud,
Wrapping the wreck of my life in its shroud.

Second Voice.

So we all think, in our weak, selfish way,
Each life is the saddest earth holds to-day;
Still pining for every treasure we've lost,
Holding it dearer than ever it cost;
Clinging to idols that crumble to dust,
Leaving our hearts there to wither and rust
Forgetful that Sorrow all over our land
Bestoweth her gifts with a liberal hand.

First Voice.

Ah! but your sorrow is not very deep,
If you can lull it so gently to sleep;
How many there are, no better than we,
From whom all sorrow seemeth to flee;
Why should our burden be so very great,
Leaving to others a happier fate?
Think you it is right that a *few* should bear
The burdens of sorrow, trouble and care?

Second Voice.

Can you look deep into every heart,
Lifting each mask that is hiding a part?
Can you roam free through every cell,
Bidding Memory loose her spell?

Can you tell when the sweet, merry laugh
Hath not been wrung from a poisoned draught?
Can you always see by the smile's bright glow
What a world of sadness may lurk below?

This world has plenty for us to do;
The vineyard is large, but the workers are few.
Then up and be doing, and dream no more—
The dreamer's future hath nothing in store,
And life will prove but a dreary part
If we sink down 'neath each burning smart;
For braver and truer are they who hide
Their troubles deep with a smiling pride.

Clara.

I SEE thee in thy home to-night,
Circled by love and loving friends;
Thy dark eyes flashing glad and bright,
Send back the glances time intends
Should come to those of early years,
Ere they have known the weight of tears.

Ah! Clara, do you ever dream
Of all the blessings that are thine?
Thy parents' love, a steady gleam
Of God's own sunshine most divine.
Indeed, I would not wish thee less
Of life's delicious tenderness.

And yet into my heart at times,
There comes a longing o'er my soul,
That I might hear the household chimes,
To make life's broken circle whole.
Alas! the wish is vain, so vain—
I see their graves through mists of rain.

I had no happy childhood hours,
I hold no girlhood free from care;
You in Love's consecrated bowers,

Where all is bright, and sweet, and fair,
Can never dream how dark the shade
Death's chilly hands o'er some hath laid.

I would we had some mystic power,
To keep all shadows from the brow
Of those we love in life's bright bower,
And every household then and now,
Should feel the touch of magic wand,
Wielded thoughout our golden land.

I know how oft the heart may yearn
Forever for its unfound rest,
And like a weary bird return,
When fate withholds the last bequest;
To list for loving words again,
And catch the echo's sweet refrain.

If wishes, dear, that come from me,
Could chase the shadows from thy path,
I know thy future would be free,
From real goblin, ghost, or wraith,
Yet as some shadows come to all,
I pray thy number may be small.

And as the future years shall roll,
And you still tread the upward way,
I hope life's circle may be whole,
And you not find a cloudy day;
That God may watch with loving care,
Over your pathway everywhere.

Impromptu.

OUT on the front steps sitting,
In the first dim twilight;
Only the night birds flitting,
The stars look coldly bright,
Thinking, talking, and dreaming,
Addie, Mollie, and I,
Of some things real and seeming,
The far-off and the nigh.

What will the future bring us
More than the present holds?
What will earth's voices sing us?
What are life's mystic folds?
When we shall greet the morrow
Clad in her silent dress,
Will she bring to us sorrow?
Or love's dear, sweet caress?

What are the night birds saying
As they flit to and fro?
Where are the fire-flies straying?
Where do the zephyrs go?
Whence come the thoughts that sway us?
Whence go the words we speak?

Why will our hearts betray us
When we miss what we seek?

What are the angels doing?
Far in their happy home
They watch us, earthward viewing
The kindred hearts that roam;
And in the hush of evening,
When souls are lonely here,
We almost see them leaving
Their homes to bring us cheer.

Under the drooping curtain
Futurity hides away
Our lives; she's only certain
Where our feet will ever stray.
Sometimes we wish to lift it,
Sometimes we would look afar,
If our restless hands could shift it,
And our souls her door unbar.

But would we be any better,
Or happier, think you, dear,
For reading the hidden letter
Were its mysteries made clear?
Perhaps we would see such trouble
In the years that are to come,
Our sorrows would be double,
And joy would forget our home.

Then leave the future, darling,
The shades are falling fast;

Near yonder little starling,
  A meteor 's flying past.
Come in, the dew is falling,
  The night air growing cold,
And Willie's voice is calling;
  Come into home's sweet fold.

Love.

LOVE, sweetest thought that ever came
To stir the human soul;
And love, the saddest, if thy fame
Blend not with God's control.
Far backward through the vale of years
We see a mother's love;
While looking through the mist of tears
An angel smiles above.

Oh! mother, with thy mighty love,
So tender, true, and strong;
From thy sweet thoughts we never rove,
You ever pray no wrong
May compass round our wayward feet
Wherever we may stray;
Yet you have joined the heavenly fleet
Far up God's holy way.

Oh! love, how sweet thy echoes are,
When infant tongues are thine;
We bring our treasures from afar
To cast them at his shrine;
For baby's king, and who shall dare
Invade this monarch's realm;

He guides us with his fingers fair,
Our hearts are but the helm.

Yet there are other loves than these,
Though not so pure and sweet;
We brought them down life's rugged ways
Until our bleeding feet
Refused to hear the breaking heart
Bowed beneath sorrow's cross;
And oh! how sad, when love departs,
We find our gold is dross.

Perhaps, our Father, looking through
The changing scene of years,
That come to us in life, He knew
That in this vale of tears
If he had given to our hearts
The human love we crave,
We ne'er had sought the higher arts
That live beyond the grave.

Oh! Father, Saviour, God in one,
Thy love is with us all;
And while this earthly race we run,
It watcheth, lest we fall.
Oh! love so great that human ken
Can never fathom half;
It caused a God to die for men,
And sorrow's cup to quaff.

Then if the cross he bids us bear
Seems greater than our strength,
We know a crown is waiting there,

And robe, whose snowy length
Hath never known the dust of earth;
Where, in those streets of gold,
We'll wander, with the loved of earth,
And with the friends of old.

Mary.

BRIGHT and fair thy natal morning,
Eleven years ago to-day,
Came a baby, in life's dawning,
Through earth's labyrinth to stray.
All the grand and noble dreaming
Centered round thee, little one,
The ideal sweetly seeming
In thy future early won.

With thy blue eyes' dreamy wonder
And thy wavy locks of gold,
Looking ever over yonder
Where the pearly gates unfold;
With thy face of baby sweetness,
Baby accents most divine—
Years have stolen them, in their fleetness,
Yet the little girl is mine.

I have watched the bud unfolding—
Read each promise written there;
Magic gifts for years are holding,
You 'll fulfill each promise rare;
Never shall a doubt come stealing
Through the night or in the day;

No death-knell must e'er come pealing
Where my cherished hopes may stray.

I have urged thee, ever leading
Up the path where Knowledge trod;
Listen to her winsome pleading,
It will lift thee nearer God.
Up, beyond the worlds of splendor,
Leaving earthly things afar,
Though the cord that leads is slender,
It will reach beyond the star.

Little daughter, may no sorrow
Cast its shadow o'er thy track;
Would that in the great to-morrow
I could hold all trouble back.
Would that I could bear the burden,
Take the pain and meet the strife;
All thy future should be Eden—
And Joy's wand should rule thy life.

Yet, howe'er we love our treasures,
God hath willed, and it is so,
Each must bear his pain and pleasure—
Weak or strongly meet his woe.
We can never lift the curtain
That divides the Now and Then;
Never can be truly certain
Of the destinies of men.

Yet, my darling blue-eyed daughter,
If thy mother's hand could mould,
It would never tire or falter

Until death had froze it cold.
It would reach beyond the portal
Into all the great and good,
Until earth should hold immortal
Mary's perfect womanhood.

I will wish for thee all blessings
In the future's joy and strife;
Should you meet the world's caressing,
Purity must guide thy life.
Queridita — we all cherish
Hopes that rise above the clod;
May thy child-faith never perish,
But be anchored nearer God.

Lethe.

OH, the river! oh, river of Lethe!
Do you know where its dark waters flow?
Oh, would they were turned through this realm of tears,
To drown all of its sin and its woe,
To drown all the wretchedness, misery, and strife,
And leave all that's pure and beautiful in life!

Oh, would it might join with the river of time,
As it flows to the ocean of years,
And wash out all sorrow and anguish and pain
That dwell in this dark vale of tears!
Oh, just for one draught from the river of Lethe,
That we might henceforth from all sin be free—

That we might once more be free from all sorrow,
Be free from this heart-weary pain!
It comes like a blight upon all our joys,
Oh, would it could ne'er come again!
Ah, could we but drink from this river to-day,
And wash all this weary heart-pain away!

Oh, river of Lethe: oh, river of Lethe!
What magic must dwell in thy waves!

And shall we ne'er quaff one draught as we walk
Through the valley which leads to the grave?
Oh, why live you only in old heathen story,
When poets have oft sung long of your glory?

"The River of Lethe."

"In hic nihil sum desiduum dignus."

UNKNOWN F——, I hardly dare
To verge upon your territory,
Lest, in some moment unaware,
I sing the mystic river's glory,
Or something else, it matters not,
That will not please your poet fancy,
Where technicalities forgot
Will add the more to your piquancy.

Since 'neath the river of Lethe
You will not bury sin and sorrow,
The holy well of Loch Maree
May hold the draught that you would borrow;
Here the nepenthe of the soul
Flows strong beneath the silver water,
As when the nectar from the bowl
Was poured by Hebe, the gods' fair daughter.

The fire and frenzy of the soul,
The something that we long for ever,
The life beyond human control,
The hopes which discord only sever,

The thirst and hunger of the heart,
That longs for the life food immortal,
Will turn to superstition's art,
And pass through old tradition's portal.

Then, if a panacea there
Be found for the poor heart unstable,
To charm away its every care
With beautiful, mysterious fable,
That leads us, with its mystic hand,
Far through the land of the ideal,
Where fancy guides the passing hour,
And mystery seems a thing that's real.

There, hand in hand, we walk with gods,
And watch the fabled nymphs, who wander
With fawns and sylphs through streams and woods
In all their rich primeval splendor;
As in some gray old convent cell,
Where wrote by monk or abbess dreaming,
The strange, mysterious tales they tell,
To them so real, to us but seeming.

And since you seem to doubt my rhyme,
Claiming the river's potent power,
Turn back your memory to the time
When Orpheus in that dark hour,
Within the kingdom of the shades,
Drank deeply of the fabled river;
Then Grief and Sorrow quickly fled,
But Joy and Love remained forever,

Then if through all, by Fancy led,
We see the truth of God's revealing,

And find the road where angel's tread,
When Death's cold shadows o'er us stealing;
The pearly gates will shut us in
That home where there is no to-morrow,
And Jesus wash away all sin,
And prove a Lethe for all sorrow.

Unrest.

QUEEN Autumn reigned that day o'er all the earth,
Painting the woods with gold and ruby red;
And scattered at our feet upon the heath,
Fair trophies, dying—dead.

The babbling silvery rivulet at our feet,
Sang o'er again the dear old magic song;
And e'en the birds caught up the echo sweet,
As fast it sped along

Far to the sunny Southland, where no night,
No winter of the year can ever come;
But where Queen Summer reigns forever bright,
In her perpetual home.

Ah, me! we little thought that day the stream
Of our lives should flow so far apart;
Your's rolls as calmly as a summer's dream,
Needing no sorcerer's art

To chase the shade of sorrow from thy brow,
Or from thy heart the demon of unrest;
You've love and peace and quiet with you now,
No phantom haunts thy breast.

Mine rolls on the tumultuous sea of life,
And oft the angry waves sweep o'er the deck,
Taking all peace and quiet in their strife,
And leaving but a wreck.

The shadows of the past still hover round,
Pursued by the grim demon of despair.
Dear friend, where shall sweet, perfect peace be found?
Alas! alas! not here.

To M. R. R.

"Yes, by the magic of a word,
A far-off stranger is a friend;
With face unseen, with voice unheard,
Yet whose deep soul our own hath stirred
By kindred thoughts that meet and blend."—M. R. R.

BEYOND the Ocean's snowy wave, beyond the mountain's peak,
We stretch our hands across the sea, to find the one we seek;
The lengthening miles may intervene, years after years may roll,
Yet they can never break the chain that binds the kindred soul.

By the enchantment of your song, the magic of a thought,
You threw afar the "mystic tie," which fairy hands hath wrought;
And down the silent aisles of time, by idle fancy led,
We caught the echo of its chime, and heard Love's gentle tread.

It whispered of a stranger friend, beyond the rolling sea,

Of kindred thoughts that meet, and blend in perfect harmony;
And so we wished to see your face, and longed your voice to hear,
To know the unknown friend afar, and keep you ever near.

We called you to our sunny home, and yet you never came;
We sang of all her beauties fair, and of her golden fame;
We thought to win you, stranger friend, to the Pacific shore,
For here has ever been our home, and will be ever more.

The Golden State holds in her clasp the friends of childhood's hours,
And memory seeks the silent graves, long hidden 'neath the flowers.
We are not sad, there are no nights spent in long ceaseless weeping,
We know within our inmost hearts they are not dead, but sleeping.

There are no dead; hear through all space our Father's voice repeating,
"Eternity shall last for aye, the days of time are fleeting."
And when we too shall cross the tide, and step beyond the river,
We know we'll meet them, bright and fair, and keep them true forever.

Yet we have still that mystic word which never
should be broken,
It comes uncalled into our hearts and leaves sweet
friendship's token.
And so we send you, though afar, within your
northern home
These lines of welcome, and a wish that you may
some day roam

Where flowers bloom in rich array, and summer finds
no tomb,
Where winter's icy breath is caught in Flora's rich
perfume.
You are a daughter of the North, we of the Golden
Strand,
Here long, drear Winter never comes within our
sunny land.

Oh! stranger Friend, across the sea, we stretch to
you our hands,
Knowing full well that kindred hearts may beat in
distant lands;
And feeling the old adage true, to which our faith
clings fast,
"That every soul may know its kin wherever they
are cast."

A Warning.

You 'd like to see what that fish has seen?
Yes, so would I.
To roam in the sea-weed arbors green,
Down where the mermaid's glittering sheen
Is held by fingers so white, I ween,
'T would make you sigh.

I do not mean to insinuate,
That yours are not
As white as those in the crystal gate,
Which shuts us mortals beyond the strait,
For air and water will never mate,
So 't is not our lot

To roam in the mermaid's shady dell:
Think you 't is right
To flirt so much? but then, ah! well,
It is not right for us mortals to tell.
Hear the distant chime of the evening bell,
Creep through the night.

The mermaid combs her golden hair
Out by the beach;

And sailors affrightened call her fair,
As she winds them on into her snare,
Caught in the meshes of golden hair,
Out of their reach.

Yet I know some who roam on land,
Silly as those,
Caught by a little snowy hand;
Curls held back by a golden band,
Thinking they hold love's magic wand
To charm the rose.

Careful enchanter, the spell is lost;
Her eyes are bright:
Look out! or you will find to your cost
There's something meant by the dainty toss
Of her head, and her smile, like frost,
Goes with the light.

You might have won; but that absurd way
Of being so sure
Taught her woman heart a trick to play,
Not to be wooed and won in a day;
The endless pain in her heart will stay;
But that she'll endure.

What makes you men so sure of the prize
Before you win?
Don't you know one glance of those calm eyes
Will look through all your words and sighs,
For the soul where truth and honor lies
Your life within?

You 'll surely lose if you woo by art;
'T is all in vain,
Unless you win her pure heart,
Acting a noble, manly part,
You 'll find your life a dreary mart
Filled but with pain.

Beside the Sea.

THE fairy wand of Autumn painted
In colors bright the forest leaves,
As Summer fled away and fainted
Amidst the wealth of golden sheaves;
For she had reigned throughout the season
A queen; we bent to her the knee:
Ah! shall I tell to you the reason?
Her months were spent beside the sea.

A merry trio there together,
Yet we had other friends beside;
In all that golden tropic weather,
Love found his hands securely tied.
We had no thought of stern contention,
No care, we were so truly free;
And yet it would 'nt do to mention
The half we saw beside the sea.

I know that you can't see the pleasure,
Who spent your summer months in town;
'T was those who went that found the treasure;
Indeed, you need n't try to frown,
I will not hear a word of preaching;
Next summer you may come and see

How much we care for all your teaching,
If we can dwell beside the sea.

There now! you 're reading that old letter,
I wish you would put it away;
Those two girls are no worse nor better
Than they were on that very day
They wrote to me upon that paper—
I shall not tell you what was meant;
Well, well, it was a funny caper,
And fun was in those days we spent.

Our happiest moments fly the fleetest,
But leave their traces in our hearts;
And there are some we hold the sweetest,
Bound up with mischief's merry arts.
Perhaps you would not have enjoyed
The life we led so idly free;
And you, too, might have been annoyed
By all we loved beside the sea.

When night came on with royal beauty,
And lit the waves with magic fire;
Then Neptune summoned up to duty
The glow-worm on his slender spire
Of sea-weed, tossed up by the daughters
Who dwell within the briny deep;
'T was then we sat beside the waters,
And watched the dark-browed billows leap.

And when the snowy foam came creeping,
White-rimmed upon the dull gray sand;
It then crept back to ocean, weeping,

Only to find some other strand;
While you and I, and others walking
Beside the cliff that towered high,
Now sadly thinking, gayly talking,
Or listening to the sea-bird's cry.

The pleasant summer months are past;
Now winter claims his icy crown,
And all the pleasures known, at last
Have fled before his chilly frown.
Yet not from our lives forbidden—
Exiles they can never be;
We know how safely they are hidden
Down in the cells of memory.

A Birthday Poem.

Written for Two Sisters.

BRIGHT shines the sun upon your natal day;
Bright bloom the flowers in our southern clime,
Thus may fate ever fling across your way
The richest gifts of Nature and of Time:
Blest sisters, may the future never cease
To fold you 'neath the snowy wings of peace.

Dear dark-eyed Helen, in thy days of youth,
Fair as the beauteous queen of ancient Troy,
May Fancy's early dreams prove only truth,
Where doubt and pain shall never dare annoy;
And may you ever dwell within the shrine
Where hearts shall yield their keeping unto thine.

Some goddess rules within each living soul,
And proves its blessing or its greatest curse;
And angel watchers noting her control,
Smile when the evil passions are dispersed:
Methinks she taught to you the magic art
To write your name forever on each heart.

And blue-eyed Nannie, with thy golden hair,
Shedding a halo round thy girlish face,

Sweet be thy life as thou art sweetly fair,
  Crowning thy soul with every winning grace:
Would we could cheat old Time out of his prize,
And keep the girl-light ever in your eyes.

You tread with eager steps the flowery track
  That leads thee up the rugged hill of life;
The future is so fair you ne 'er look back
  To count the pleasures in thy childhood rife;
Then may your young soul ever as to-day
Look up the future's golden-lighted way.

Fair sisters, as you sing your evening hymn,
  And the sweet anthem wanders up to God,
Perhaps some soul that lives where all is dim,
  Passing in sorrow underneath the rod,
May catch a glimpse of comfort in the strain,
And bless the singer for the song again.

May your feet never reach life's troubled tide,
  Your lips the cup of joy only taste;
Yet should you wander on the darker side,
  Send, as your envoy, Hope, over the waste.
Then may the dove quickly return and bring
An olive branch beneath her snowy wing.

The Rainbow.

UP o 'er the tops of the mountains,
The clouds were fleeing away;
Forming pale, ærial castles,
At close of the dying day;
The sun, with his fading splendor,
Had gilded this castle of air,
With a weird unearthly beauty,
Which reached down the golden stair.

Ah! thou radiant bow of promise,
Oh! messenger sent from God,
Come you from ærial castles,
To rest on earth's flower-crowned sod?
Can the loved ones who have left us
Wander down the golden stair,
Bringing heaven from God's palace,
So that heaven is everywhere?

Looking from the royal palace,
Where they tread with noiseless feet,
Clad in garments white and pure,
With their voices low and sweet;
Do they miss us there, and wonder
When our journey will be o'er?

When we, too, shall solve the mystery
And pass through the palace door?

Or can they with stronger vision,
Solve the mystery of life,
See the end from the commencement,
Smile at all the toil and strife?
Knowing when our journey 's o'er,
And our souls shall long for rest
He will gather up earth's weary,
Making them more truly blest.

Oh! thou radiant bow of promise,
Signet of our Father's love;
As a link bind earth with heaven,
Draw us to our lost above;
And when night shall drop her curtain,
Bidding rest go everywhere,
Call our angels from God's palace,
To pass down your golden stair.

Twilight Musings.

WHEN the curtain of twilight drops over the earth,
Hiding all of its trouble and strife,
And stills with its shade the noisy mirth,
And steals the care from our life,
We love to yield to the magical powers,
And wander with thought through Fancy's bowers.

Careless of pleasures that are near or afar,
Forgetting this sad world below;
We turn our eyes to yon bright evening star,
Watching where they twinkle and glow;
Wheel on, brilliant worlds, in your circle above,
Guided through all space by the Father we love.

That Father so great He can mark out your path,
So gentle he watches the bird;
While man whispers to us of terrible wrath,
Through Nature love's accents are heard;
Then stop, as you call down the vengeance of heaven,
And list to the whispers that creep through the even.

You teach unto us this great love exceedeth
The love that 's felt by a mother;
You tell unto us the pity that pleadeth
For man as a poor lost brother;
And then you turn round and condemn him forever,
And hurl him across the Plutonian river.

Think you, should we wander through fields Elysian,
And miss in that circle so bright,
One form that was dear to our earthly vision,
That all the angels in white
Could lift from our souls the shadow of sorrow?
It would rankle deep as a poisoned arrow.

Ah! a true mother's love is past all power
Of the tongue or pen to tell it,
'T will cling to her child to the latest hour;
All the world could not buy or sell it:
If this is so great, what must be that other,
Which reacheth beyond the love of a mother!

There are some who will not be ruled by terror,
Even to reach the pearly gate;
And some who wander the dark road of error,
And for the teacher wait and wait:
Remember, 't was unto the sick the Healer came,
Then go ye doing likewise in your Saviour's name.

He came not down from heaven to save the pure,
But for those lost in vice and sin;
For these the cross and shame did he endure,
For these the crown of victory win:

If His mighty love hath not the power to save,
How many breaking hearts will last beyond the grave?

When the pale boatman comes to row us o'er,
And we stand upon the border land,
Shall we not see upon that distant shore,
Our loved ones' beckoning hand?
Would it be heaven, if we knew they were lost,
Although we joined the most seraphic host?

We grope in darkness searching for the light,
Then oh! condemn not if ye chance to see
A ray hid from the others in their night—
Our lives are full of mystery;
And only He who can unwind the skein
Can solve the mysteries in life's dark train.

Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Mother.

THE holiest, purest and sweetest of earth,
Around which our fancy of beauty and worth
Are circling forever; old Time cannot change
One thought of our childhood, in all its wide range;
We may turn from her arms to the hand of another,
But the first and the purest is ever our mother.

Home.

Oh, Time! turning backward your pages to-day,
We see it in fancy so far, far away,
So hallowed in brightness, so rich in its love,
It seemed as though Heaven came down from above;
And the thoughts that hold longest wherever we roam,
Forming pictures most brightly, are Mother and Home.

Heaven.

In the home of our childhood we knelt by her side,
To ask the dear Saviour to protect, love and guide,
To keep us so safely in all time to come,
And call us at last to His heavenly home.
Oh, Memory! hold fast unto life's last even—
The sweetest of all words — Mother, Home and Heaven.

The Boy's Request.

OH! let me go! oh! let me go!
Why should I ever stay at home?
The world is wide, and to and fro
I'll seek my fortune as I roam.

You throw your arms around me now,
You hold me with your tender love;
You press your kisses on my brow,
You pray God watch me from above.

Oh, mother! out into the world
Your boy will go, all staunch and true,
And when Fame's banners are unfurled,
I 'll bring her richest gifts to you.

I know you say it from your heart,
You love me better by your side;
Yet in life all must bear their part—
Let mine be worthy of your pride.

Oh, mother! I will go and gain
A hero's name—a soldier's crown,
And I'll erect life's golden fane,
So it shall never crumble down.

Then let me go! oh! let me go!
Why should I stay at home?
The world is wide, and to and fro
I'll seek my fortune as I roam.

By the Window.

I HAD grown tired of study,
So I laid my text-book down,
And I watched the faces passing
By my window in the town.

Some were plain, and some were pretty,
Some were good, and others bad;
But I most was interested
In a little lass and lad.

He looked eight, but she was younger,
With a pretty, dimpled face;
In her wealth of golden ringlets
Sunbeams found a resting-place.

He was pale; those eyes of midnight
Held a dreamy, far-off look,
Which the poets all call genius—
In his hand he held a book.

Watching them, I saw him speaking;
Listening, I heard him say:
"Little Niña, let me help you,
For the way is long to-day."

Then he took her hand so gently,
  Led her with such tender care,
That I thought no other couple
  Walked the earth so pure and fair.

If we would but help each other
  As we tread life's weary road,
Think you not each poor, tired traveler
  Would not bear a lighter load?

All of us must bear our burdens;
  Each and every heart must ache;
But oh! fellow-traveler! pity
  The sad, weary hearts that break.

Among the Roses.

YES! long ago when we sat there
Among the roses;
Our little world was bright and fair
As those sweet roses.
You placed the white one in my hair;
You wove for me a garland rare,
And said, "Love, you alone shall wear
This till life closes."

Now years have come, and years have gone—
Faded the roses;
The tide of life still rolling on,
New joy discloses.
The arbor holds as green a throne
As when the sun o'er it shone,
And you and I were all alone
Among the roses.

But bring the years which hold us now,
Pure white roses;
Think you they bind my aching brow,
And love reposes?—
As if the time were present now,
Which heard the youthful lovers' vow,

And saw the maiden's blushing brow,
Among the roses?

Ah! life is not without its thorn,
Though crowned with roses?
We find it in life's early morn
Where love reposes.
When drops of blood the brow adorn,
If we 'd escape the world's deep scorn,
The only wreath that can be worn
Is of red roses.

They hide the crimson drops from sight,
Pure, sweet roses;
The sharp thorns, crowned with blossoms bright,
No hand discloses;
Yet when earth dons her robe of night,
And stars send down their twinkling light,
Our hearts will sigh for youth so bright
Among the roses.

Carrie.

DEAR CARRIE! On thy natal day—
Thanksgiving of the year,
When all the nation kneels to pray,
And kindred hearts grow dear—
I write this tribute, little one,
And in thy future life
I pray that each thanksgiving sun
With golden beams be rife.

And may the sunlight through all time
Be lost among your curls;
Thy life be one unbroken rhyme,
Thou one unblemished pearl.
May hearts as fondly turn to thee,
Dear little brown-eyed one,
With all their wealth of purity,
As oft thy mother won.

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,"
Than she who's passed away
Down through the silent waves of death
To God's eternal day.
She won our hearts this side the tomb,
She holds them over there

Where youth and love forever bloom,
And everything is fair.

Dear Carrie! May the mother love,
Which follows thee through life,
And watches from the skies above,
Protect thee from all strife;
I ne'er could wish a better fate
Than you might grow like her,
And bind in woman's fair estate
Love, as thy courtier.

The Beautiful Bay.

SEE the sun's red light
On the waves flash bright,
As in tranquil beauty they stray,
Or break on the shore
A wild, angry roar,
Down, down by the beautiful bay.

The boat is untied,
O'er the waves I 'll glide
Where the little fish leap and play;
Try to sail from myself
Underneath yonder shelf
That o'ershadows the beautiful bay.

I try all in vain;
Self comes o'er the main
To sail on the waters to-day;
Would they miss me at home,
If I slept 'neath the foam
Of thy waves, O beautiful bay?

Would they think I had gone
Where the throng wanders on—
The gayest amidst all the gay?
They never would dream

That the stars' pale gleam
Watched my grave in the cold blue bay.

O thou cold, cold grave!
'Neath the calm blue wave,
Are you tempting me with some fay?—
To try all in vain
To drown this deep pain
'Neath the waves of yon treacherous bay?

As they roll evermore
To the gay, happy shore,
Think you there is rest 'neath their spray?
'T is a treacherous peace;
How soon it will cease
When the storm comes down o'er the bay.

Back! back, little boat!
To the shore we 'll float,
And leave the blue waters to play;
For they never must tell
What a strange, mystic spell
Wooed me to the beautiful bay.

For though dark be our life,
With its toil and its strife,
We know it will not last alway;
And we shall find rest
With the pure and the blest,
When we sail out of life's rough bay.

What Though?

WHAT though the shadows darker grow,
And cast o'er life a shade?
What though bright flowers that we love
Should pine away and fade?

What though the pleasure that we seek
Should be a sunbeam bright,
And when we reach our hand to grasp,
Should melt in air and light?

What though the form we love the best—
How well no tongue can tell—
And listening for that voice so dear,
We only hear Death's knell?

What though we love another well,
We ne'er shall call our own;
And when we strive to clasp the pearl,
We find our idol flown?

What though we find this strange, cold world
Hath given us husks to eat?
Must we bow down before her shrine,
And say such food is sweet?

Baby Lizzie.

HERE I have come to-day,
Baby Lizzie;
Let us have a merry play,
Baby Lizzie.
O, don't make up such a lip—
There's a tear ready to drip;
Did I offend your ladyship,
Baby Lizzie?

I a thousand pardons crave,
Baby Lizzie;
I could never that lip brave,
Baby Lizzie.
Ah! there now I see you smile—
You grow sweeter all the while,
With your life all free from guile,
Baby Lizzie.

Your life numbers of months seven,
Baby Lizzie;
You are only late from heaven,
Baby Lizzie.
That is why you are so dear
To us weary wanderers here;
To God you are very near,
Baby Lizzie.

May your life be always pure,
Baby Lizzie;
In your pleasant home secure,
Baby Lizzie;
May your mother never miss
Baby's laugh, and baby's kiss,
Crowning all her life with bliss,
Baby Lizzie.

Willie.

DREAMING idly in the parlor,
While without the raindrops fall,
Sat I listening to their patter,
Till I heard my baby call:
"Mamma! mamma!" (dancing 'round me,)
"See! the fire is very low;
Tell me, mamma—may I fix it?
For I'm growing big, you know!"

Then I sat and watched my baby—
Little Willie, four years old—
With his eyes of tropic splendor,
And his hair like fine-spun gold;
Listening to the childish prattle
Of the baby voice so sweet;
I forgot the world was weary,
For love's charms are so complete.

"Mamma!" (and he whispered sagely,)
"When I get to be a man,
O, I 'll do such wonders for you,
And I 'll love you all I can."
Then he gave a shower of kisses,
Held me by his chubby hand,

Saying, "Do n't forget, my mamma—
I shall, too, be great and grand."

Yet I answered, "Listen, Willie!
Coming years will manhood bring;
Then I 'd have my boy remember
Greatness is a little thing,
If it go not forth with goodness.
All the truly great of earth
Have been good ere they were great, love;
Goodness is of heavenly birth."

Folded close I clasped my baby,
With his head upon my breast;
Prayed that coming years might never
Bring him misery and unrest.
More than all the worlds that circle
Through the mystic realms of space,
Is to me my little hero,
With his merry, loving face.

A Garland.

IF flowers be the language of love,
I'll weave here a garland for thee;
But if love be the language of angels,
Flowers are the letters we see.

The alphabet is rather intricate;
The angels have carried away
The sounds, and left only the letters,
What wonder, then, that we should stray?

Just now, in the hush of the evening,
While the angels are tending the dew
I'll write here a letter in flowers,
And love must translate it for you.

We've been more to each other than friends;
Then, first, the arborvitæ bring:
Shall we put the ambrosia beside it?
The heliotrope place 'neath the string?

Now bring me the white calla lily;
The rosebud shall here find its place;
The lilac will look well beside it;
The locust, with sweet-scented grace.

The orange-flower, fresh in its beauty;
All three of the jessamines bring next;
The double red pink, and the white ones;
The amaranth holds life's best text.

Don't forget the blooms of the lemon,
When the tuberose touches thy brow;
See it crushes not out the snowball;
Keep the wild rose with thee now.

But shun the cobœa, my darling;
The hellebore, cast it away;
The bramble, a burglar, keep not;
The ophrys would lead thee astray.

Right here are the red and white daisies,
And forget not the flowering reed;
The pearbloom is something you 'll long for,
Houstonia something you 'll need.

We 'll pick now the sweet-scented violet;
This mint branch you ever must keep;
White chrysanthemum you always must cherish,
Though life's road be dark and steep.

The garland is finished, *querida:*
Forgive, if it is not complete;
A lesson 's deep hid in each flower—
I 've offered sweets unto the sweet.

Lines to Addie.

WHAT shall I wish upon this day,
Fair girlish friend of mine?
That life's dark shadows ne'er should stray
Across this life of thine?
How vain, indeed, 't would ever be
For me to ask this gift for thee.

The fates who hold our hidden lives
Know only what they are;
And yet I hope all baneful gyves
Be banished from thee far:
That love may rule your future years,
And joy may laugh away your tears.

That you may find upon your way
Flowers of every hue,
And loving hands may fling each day
Their blessings kind and true;
Still keep your heart, my darling girl,
As pure as ocean's purest pearl.

You stand upon that mystic shore,
The path is all untried;
Your school-girl days and life no more

Shall fill your heart with pride;
You enter in another world,
Where Hope's gay banner is unfurled.

Oh! may not disappointment's hand
Pull the bright ensign down;
Happiness drive him from your land,
And shield you from his frown;
And may you never learn the art
To smile above a broken heart.

Yet should dark sorrow cross your path,
And dim your laughing eyes,
And should you sink beneath his wrath,
Look up beyond the skies;
For there no sorrow 'll ever come
In love and joy's perpetual home.

And while the future years shall roll,
Bringing each birthday round,
Will you remain as now, heart-whole?
Or listen to the sound
Of whisperings from another voice,
'T will cause your girl-heart to rejoice?

Be careful how you choose, lest time
Should turn your gold to dross;
Young Fancy dreams of the sublime
That often hides a cross:
Ah! many hearts to-day can tell
Where Hope's bright form will never dwell.

Yet should you ever win the part
That crowns a woman's life,

Then when your loving, trusting heart
  Answers the name of wife—
May love go with you through all time,
Keep true your vows in every clime.

In Memoriam.

A BROWN leaf on the garden walk,
A blush rose on the tree,
A lily drooping on her stalk,
A wild bird's melody;
The heliotrope in rich perfume,
Geranium blossoms gay,
An underbrush of twilight gloom,
That hides the glare of day.

I seem to see, as in a dream,
A sweet face everywhere;
I catch the merry eyes' bright gleam,
I touch the brown-gold hair;
A living presence with me still,
In yard and house and room;
An aching void that none can fill,
A memory from the tomb.

I strive to clasp the vision fair,
It lightly floats away;
An unseen presence fills the air,
Eluding me each day;
I hear a voice no other hears,
A silent, noiseless tread,

A whisper of those happy years,
  Ere, darling, you were dead.

How much I miss you none may know,
  In flower and bird and tree;
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
  They each one tell of thee;
I sometimes feel that I would give
  All that the world could hold,
If we could just one hour live
  The bright, sweet days of old.

Yet when night wears her starry crown,
  And bids the tired earth rest,
And dream-land brings her realm down
  With visions of the blest,
Sleep leaves the pearly gates ajar
  Where angels lightly tread,
I wander with you, darling, there—
  The living and the dead.

My darling, when the hand of Death
  Shall smooth earth's cares away,
And life shall claim her troubled breath,
  And all her weary days,
I know you will be with me there,
  All through the border-land;
I 'll see your face divinely fair
  And touch your loving hand.

Isolation.

IN the dim recess of my heart's hidden chamber
I roam alone to-night,
And happy forms—so many I cannot number—
Come to my spirit's sight;
Ye may not see their radiant, winsome glances,
Nor hear those voices rare,
Yet those who yield to love's bright touching fancies,
Can see them everywhere.

The past is one great storehouse of our keeping—
Each heart holds its own key—
Where glad, or sad, each memory lies sleeping
In calm security.
No traitor hand may tear the veil asunder,
And crush our idols down;
We keep them closely from the world's cold wonder
And Envy's jealous frown.

The touch of tender hands in sweet caressing,
And love's last cherished kiss,
That falleth o'er our lives like holy blessing,
Which we so often miss.
'T is not the greatest things of earth we cherish,
But little words of love

From lips of precious ones can never perish,
Till fall the stars above.

Day after day, our hearts go on repeating
An anthem, or a prayer;
Our souls must rest contented, or entreating
That love may dwell somewhere.
Oh! passionate soul, long sleeping in the shadows!
Wake from thy dreary night!
Somewhere in God's great world, the sparkling meadows
Are filled with love's own light.

Somewhere in God's great world, a rose of beauty
Will blossom but for thee;
Somewhere, the holy bands of love and duty
Shall bind, yet make thee free.
Oh! restless, fevered heart! still thy pulsations!
Be calm a little while!
If dwelling on the heights above the nations,
Free from their loathsome guile,

You feel the coldness of your lonely mountain,
Look up beyond the sky—
Up through the cloud-mists of that holy fountain,
Where every eager cry
Shall find its answer in that home eternal,
And every poet dream
Shall greet us with a form and life supernal,
Through all our lives to gleam.

No deed or thought that truly worth the keeping
Has ever really flown,
But somewhere down the aisles of memory sleeping,

Into our souls has grown.
And so our loved ones, passed from mortal vision,
Are safe forevermore—
Close in that radiant home, the souls' elysian,
Beyond the crystal door.

When my Ship comes in from Sea.

"WHEN my ship comes in from sea,"
Quoth a maiden merrily,
Standing on the rugged strand,
Where the water touched the land,
"Over yonder blue expanse
I shall see her white sails dance,
And her cargo then shall be
More than all the world to me."

Tell me, tell me, maiden fair,
With thy wealth of golden hair;
And thine eyes of Saxon blue
With the love-light gleaming through;
Of this wondrous magic boat
Out upon the waves afloat;
Where it sails? from whence it came?
What is the good captain's name?

Then she answered, dreamily,
Gazing far out o'er the sea—
"Once in childhood's sunny hours,
While upon a bank of flowers,
Hope came whispering to me,

'Send your boat far out to sea.'
Then I let him take the helm,
Pilot of the dreamer's realm."

"Fancy is the captain bold
Sailing over seas of gold;
I have watched, ah! many a day
Since he took my boat away,
Dreaming of my castles grand
In some sunny tropic land,
Waiting safely there for me
Till my ship comes in from sea."

Years have passed—the maiden fair
Stands no more with golden hair;
But a woman, sad and gray,
Where the lengthening shadows stray,
Close beside the mystic shore
Hears the boatman's muffled oar;
Turns and whispers unto me—
"Now my ship comes in from sea."

Over yonder, 'mid the stars,
They have drawn the golden bars,
Shutting all the light from me,
Till upon the jasper sea
I shall see my tiny craft
Where the heavenly breezes waft,
Anchored near the snow-white throne
Where the Saviour calls his own.

No God.

"The fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God.'"

NO God?
Throughout the boundless realm of space
Dare you say there's no God?
Who holds each planet in its place,
And whose Almighty hand doth trace
Those mysteries in Nature's face,
Unless it is our God?

No God?
Who taught the little bird to sing,
And deftly weave its nest?
Who made the insect's tiny wing?
Who caused the echo's voice to ring?
Who bade the lovely flowers spring
From mother Earth's warm breast?

No God?
Who piled the mountain's towering peak,
Those giants of the earth?
Who bade the awful thunder speak,
Who threw the lurid lightning's streak,
The great volcano vengeance wreak?
What gave the ocean birth?

No God?
Who placed the bow in yonder sky?
Who lit the suns above?
Who gathered up the storm on high,
Who sends the whirlwind far and nigh;
Who crusheth out the Storm-Fiend's cry?
Who keeps us with his love?

No God?
Whom can we turn to in all time?
And what is life's great worth
If we have nothing more sublime?
If we can reach no brighter clime,
If we can hear no sweeter chime
Than sorrow-chilling earth?

No God?
Through the great portals, pearly white,
We see a Father's love.
We know the soul shall know no night;
But upward, through the worlds of light,
The disembodied spirit's flight
Will tend to worlds above.

With God
No chains shall shackle the free soul;
No sorrow crush it down.
It spurns all weight, save love's control:
There Christ shall make th 'imperfect whole,
And while eternity shall roll
T 'will wear His loving crown.

There is a God.
Then let your infidelity

Out into chaos go,
And seek the soul's true liberty,
Where God and angels roaming free,
Shall feel through all eternity
The rest earthlings ne'er know.

Orange Bloom Chains.

LITTLE Maid with nut-brown hair,
Seeming, oh! so wondrous fair!
'Neath the orange tree's sweet perfume,
Weaving from their snowy bloom
Fairy chains, to bind another
Playmate, in our tropic clime,
Where no harsh decree may smother
Life's delicious summer time.

Catch her lightly, fairy chain,
Captive fear no weary pain,
Happy love of childhood years,
Knows not grief's destroying tears.
Gayly as the sunbeams quiver
Through the ever-dancing leaves,
Down life's softly flowing river,
Dream the dream that fancy weaves.

Captive, captor here again,
Weave once more your orange chain;
Snowy blooms from southern climes,
Whisper softly bridal rhymes;
May the words so lightly spoken,
Ever be a holy vow;

May the hearts enfold the token
Bound as firmly then as now.

Love's delicious dream of life
Hears no sorrow, sees no strife;
Golden-crowned are all thy days,
Down your dream-environed ways;
Catching a bright glimpse of heaven
In the light of dreamy eyes,
Thinking that your love might even
Make of earth a paradise.

Hands of love, but once again,
Weave for her the snowy chain;
Softly, sweetly be her sleep,
Spirit that we could not keep;
Bind upon her silent bosom
Little snowy quiet hands,
With the fragrant orange blossoms
Woven into bridal bands.

Weep, oh! heart, ye may not go
Where the darksome waters flow;
She hath crossed the troubled tide,
Reached the golden-lighted side;
Oh! mystery all unrevealed,
We ask, and ask again of thee
Who holds the scepter and the shield,
What is life, death, eternity?

The Refrain.

THROUGH the soft evening shades,
As the sun sinks to rest,
While his fingers of gold
Touch the mountain's white crest;
Comes the longing for that
Which this earth cannot give,
'T is the longing for rest,
Where unrest doth live;
And yet, deep in my heart
A sweet echo doth steal,
Saying, "Earth hath no sorrow
Which Heaven cannot heal."

The refrain of the words
I cannot drive away,
They remain in my heart,
Still determined to stay;
They have found broken chords
In the life that is past,
Where the memory of old
Links the Now and Then fast
There the words of a Saviour,
The child-heart could feel,
Teaching, "Earth hath no sorrow
Which Heaven cannot heal."

Ah! in all of the years
That have come and havé gone;
They were borne by unrest,
Surging on, ever on,
O'er the rough, restless waves
Of a life tempest-driven;
Where a life and a soul
From each other were riven.
Oh! heart tried and weary,
When will you ever feel
That "Earth hath no sorrow
Which Heaven cannot heal"?

Dead Hopes.

DEAD hopes are drifting everywhere,
Like autumn leaves upon a stream;
We see them dying here and there,
Where Fate hath crushed life's rosy dream.
In youth's bright morn they blossom fair,
And lift their golden petals high;
Yet when they reach life's poisoned air,
They quickly droop their heads and die.

Upon the restless tide of life,
They pass us by with every wave,
Crushed by the tumult and the strife,
Within our hearts we hold the grave.
Ah! there are hopes that love hath reared,
Till cruel Fate the flower stole;
The cold world at our treasure sneered,
Yet memory folds it in her scroll.

We turn to gather up our dead
Hopes, of the near and distant past;
Here 's where the wounded heart hath bled,
To its crushed idol clinging fast.
But oh! we could not see the clay,
We take the tinsel oft for gold;

And when our hearts refuse to pray,
We find it soiled, still and cold.

Poor human hearts cling on for aye;
The waters of Lethe may roll;
The dead hopes blasted in a day
May sometime crown the weary soul.
Cling on, the Resurgam will rise,
The troubled waters calm and still;
And Love and Hope will light your eyes,
Beneath the beauty of their will.

The Brook.

OH, stay, little brook, as your waters flow by,
Rolling swiftly the old bridge under;
Do you ever list to the passionate cry
Of hearts that are torn asunder?
Are all of your days 'neath this summery sky
Filled with joy, you clear, happy rover?
Don't you think you could tell me a tale if you 'd try
Of some one and somebody's lover?

Ah! I know very well, you mischievous elf,
Of last night, how four went out walking,
For one of that party, I think, was myself,
And the others?—ah! well, they were talking
Of the beautiful things in youth's rosy flush;
Perhaps there were vows they were making—
Not thinking the future's cold mandate may crush
Each thought till the heart seemeth breaking.

The stars may look down, yet they never will tell,
For how many secrets they 're keeping!
And the zephyrs flit by, yet whisper "'T is well,"
Down, down through night's corridors sweeping.
Each life has its dream of beauty and love,
Where the future is all sunny weather,

And Peace, like a beautiful, white-winged dove,
May fold all her plumes together—

And promise to stay in your heart of hearts,
And dwell in yonr home forever,
If you bind him close with Love's beautiful arts,
So firmly no doubt can sever.
The mountains look down cold, calmly to-night,
Untouched by the same old, old story;
Yet the stars shed around us a softer light,
Painting life in primeval glory.

Ah! well for the present; the future will come,
The night will be merged in to-morrow,
And Fate only can tell where shall be our home,
As she gives to us joy or sorrow.
Yet bravely we'll bear it, whatever it be,
Until, reaching the cold silent river,
The cross is laid down, and the soul shall be free,
Unshackled forever and ever.

Robes.

TELL me, tell me, darling Mary,
As the sunset lingers long,
And you watch the Day King marching,
To his fortress, high and strong—
Clad in robes of gold and purple,
Marching on his kingly way;
Snowy clouds, his courtiers, follow,
Waiting on the King of Day.

Tell me, darling, tell me truly,
Watching the picture rich and bright,
Long you for the robes so golden,
Or for those of purest white?
There are robes on earth, my Mary,
We may weave them as we will;
If we choose the robes all golden,
Our hearts are heavy still.

If we choose the robes of purple,
We may win a world's renown;
But what will it bring us, Mary,
If we wear a thorny crown?
Robes of silk and robes of satin
Often cover broken hearts;

And the gold band, diamond-studded,
Ne'er can buy Love's mystic arts.

Choose the robes of white, dear Mary,
Emblems of sweet Peace and Truth;
Go and drink of that clear fountain
Flowing with eternal youth.
You shall hear the grandest anthem
Of the songs by angels sung;
Where sweet youth is fresh forever,
And the aged, too, grow young.

Little Lu.

LAUGHING little Lu
Is coming here to me,
With her kisses true,
Bonny, blithe, and free.

Knowing naught of sorrow,
Ever gay and free,
Thinking that each morrow
Brings a jubilee.

With her loving arts,
Little curly head,
Lifting from our hearts
Many weights of lead.

She 's our store of gold,
Merry mischief wild,
In our hearts we hold
Nothing like our child.

May our Father's love
Keep her free from guile;
Angels up above
Watch her all the while.

Mamma's Kiss.

O'ER the study floor patter little feet,
Through the open door came the voices sweet :

"Mamma? Where is mamma?" little Lucy cries;
Mamma answers, "Here, love"—hither Lucy flies.

Sister 's hurt the hand Lucy brings to me;
"Kiss it, mamma dear, make it well," says she.

Mamma's kiss upon it, Lucy's hand is well;
What magic 's in the kiss, love alone can tell.

Death's River.

DARK and rapid ran the waters,
As our darling wandered near;
When we knew we could not keep her,
Then she seemed to us most dear.
Yet she stayed, she hesitated,
Dreading the river dark and deep,
And we thought that she was dying,
When she only fell asleep.

When she woke, her eyes were beaming
With a holy sacred light:
"Mother, I have seen the Saviour,
And the angels clothed in white;
And I thought the Saviour called me,
Yet I did not dare to go,
For Death's dark and foaming river,
Ran between us so and so.

"Then the Saviour's voice so holy,
With these words so low and kind:
'Trust me, child, I will be with thee,
And in me a friend you 'll find;
It is but a step, my daughter,
From this world of sin and woe,

To that home all pure and holy,
Where no sin can ever go.'

"And upon the other shore,
Stood the angels clothed in white;
Golden harps were in their hands;
On their brows were crowns of light;
When I saw them, pure and holy,
Obeying the Saviour's will,
Then I stepped in Death's dark river,
Lo! 't was but a little rill.

"Weep not mother, darling mother,
For me do not shed a tear;
If the Saviour's hand uphold me,
I can go without a fear;
And I know, my dearest mother,
If I but obey His will,
That Death's dark and foaming river,
Will be but a little rill."

The Orphan's Prayer.

IT was a dark and stormy night,
An orphan kneeled to pray;
Beside her mother's lonely grave,
In churchyard dim and gray.

"O! Father, unto thee I pray,
That Thou wilt take me home;
And let it be thy will, oh! God,
To bid me to thee come.

"I long to see thy blessed face,
That land where all is bright,
To see thy holy city, Lord,
Where there shall be no night."

That night a shining angel came,
To churchyard dark and cold,
And led her up through pearly gates,
To heavenly streets of gold.

Serenely clear the morning dawned,
The storm had passed away;
No living eyes beside that grave,
Welcomed the King of Day.

Spring.

OH! come thou fair queen,
With thy carpet of green,
And thy robe of gay sheen,
Bright Spring of the year.

Like some fair water sprite,
With thy sweet flowers bright,
And thy soft warm light,
Is to all of us dear.

King Winter is dying,
The wild wind is sighing,
The Spring rain is sobbing,
A liquid refrain.

Clouds vail the blue sky,
Northward the birds fly,
And we all of us sigh,
For Spring's beauties again.

Pity.

LOOKING from the window while waiting,
And watching the crowd in the street,
Listening to the idle debating
Of women I there chanced to meet;
When one entered, fair in her beauty—
The others shrank back in alarm;
'T was clear she had failed in life's duty,
Yet the fair, sweet face had its charm.

She stayed but a moment, yet stillness
Had chained every garrulous tongue;
The very air put on a chillness,
Through which the cold glances were flung.
I looked from the fallen to the pure,
There were some believed in Christ's name;
And I thought, How can she endure
The scorn that is cast at her shame?

When she left, not a word of pity,
But only of reproach and blame,
A sigh that our beautiful city
Should be cursed with such a dark shame.
Oh! women who call on the Master,
Are ye sisters, mothers, and wives,

That ye roll down the burden faster
On these poor, broken, wretched lives?

Ah! have ye no word of compassion,
For is innocence lost not enough?
Then check the cold words ye would fashion
So scornfully, cruelly rough;
Not many the years that have flown,
Since she was an innocent child;
The secrets of sin were unknown,
When she lived 'neath her mother's smile.

Perhaps when the night shades are falling
And the shadows and twilight play,
Some loving hearts anxiously calling,
And perhaps they kneel down and pray
For the prodigal, outcast rover,
Whose dark sin hath poisoned the air;
Her mother, the first, truest lover,
Perhaps she is now praying there.

Do you think, oh! pharisee woman,
Had temptation dark crossed your path?
Ah! stop, ye are only human,
With no more strength than she hath;
"Judge ye not," hear the soft echo stealing,
He watcheth the evil and good,
And the secrets of thought past revealing,
Are by our God understood.

Ye have daughters—bright, beautiful maidens,
Whose smile is the light of your home,
Do you know how their future is laden,

That ye darken the outcast's doom?
And is her lost soul not worth saving,
That you would condemn her for aye?
Do you know the deep, heart-sick craving,
That calleth to you night and day?

Too Late.

PAST, all the sadness and sorrow,
Past, all the trial and pain;
Never again shall the morrow
Waken the hopes that are vain;
Never again shall the longings,
Weaving their mystical part,
Come where life's visions are thronging,
Waking thy death-quiet heart.

Far from thy home where the shadow
Of winter hangs o'er the earth,
Mantling the mount and the meadow,
Bringing to winter new worth;
Here, where you sought for the treasure,
Precious to monarch or slave—
Health, and its manifold pleasure—
You have found only a grave.

Only a grave, ah! a vision
Steals through the shadows of night;
You have found life's best elysium
Bright in the realm of light;
Safe in the great court of Heaven—
Never a tear or a sigh;

Now unto you it is given,
The knowledge of life on high.

Fair stranger, sweet be thy slumber,
Softly the green trees will wave;
Flora's rich tributes unnumbered,
Their fragrance will wreathe thy grave;
The orange and lemon surround thee,
Beauty of life everywhere;
Yet the angel of death hath crowned thee,
And called from thy home "over there."

"Over there," our angels are waiting,
In the great palace of God;
We, with our hands on the grating,
Our souls passing under the rod;
Wait till the prison bars falling,
And the tired spirit is free;
Ah! then we shall hear them calling
Upward to God and to thee.

Lines

Written upon hearing a Young Lady sing "Bird of the Mountain."

A STRANGER in the concert hall,
Where minstrel voices sing,
I heard one, sweetest of them all,
Her bird-like tribute bring;
No music from the ivory keys
Could half its sweetness hold.
"Bird of the Mountain," where man sees
Life's grandest scroll unfold,
You have a rival in this vale
By San Diego's Bay,
Where even you dare not assail
To steal her notes away.

Oh! daughter of a golden clime,
Oh! bird-like voice so rare,
You bring to me another time
Where memory's treasures are;
I look adown life's shadowy aisles,
I hear her sweetest song,
I see dear faces rise and smile,
That have been dead so long;
You haunt me with your melody,
Oh! spirit-voices sweet,

"Bird of the Mountain," happy, free,
Your life is all complete.

May blessings follow in thy train
Where'er thy feet may stray,
O'er pleasure's flower-strewn plain,
And love's star-lighted way;
May the small cares that make up life
Be lit by golden beams,
To melt all sorrow, care, and strife,
And leave you the joy dreams;
Bright flowers blossom all around,
And may each fairy elf
Keep safe in consecrated ground
A lily, like—yourself.

Los Angeles.

DID you e'er roam in this beautiful place,
Where the orange trees' golden fruit
Hangs in richest clusters over your face,
And breezes are sweet as the lute?
Oh! here is the place where the fairies dwell,
And here's where they weave their mystic spell.

Did you ever see these clusters so white—
The beautiful bridal flowers,
Where the sky is so blue, the sun so bright,
They beguile all the passing hours?
Did you e'er stray in the lovely bowers
While fairies slept in the orange flowers?

Did you ever visit the vineyards vast,
With the luscious fruit all around,
And dreamt the vineyards of bright, sunny France
Had crossed the broad sea at a bound?
Ah, no! they are ours—our bright, golden shore
The wealth of a nation has yet in its store.

This is Nature's beautiful palace home,
With an orchestra all her own;
Clad in red and gold the choristers come

With a song to the north unknown.
Hither and thither they flit through bowers,
Drinking the nectar enclosed in flowers

Flora's fair court in our valley is held;
Here the flowers of every clime
Bow at her feet with their wealth of perfume—
Their blooms ever seem in their prime.
We'll weave a wreath of her brightest and best,
As a floral tribute from the far southwest.

Here stand old 'dobes, built long years before
You or I saw the light of the sun;
What tales they could tell; what songs could sing—
What happiness here lost or won.
Bright-eyed Spanish maids with orange blooms crowned,
Or the soul's deep despair in heart-blood drowned.

Come you to the City of Angels now,
While Nature's bright carpet of green
Is spread over valley, plateau and hill,
And Spring is our beautiful queen.
King Winter, defiant, looks with a frown
Where he never can claim Spring's floral crown.

He rules in the mountains, strong in his might,
Snow-crowned in his realm so high—
His subjects the grizzly, lion and deer—
His white crown seems piercing the sky.
Well, let him reign there—he never can come,
Bringing bleak desolation to our sweet home.

To the coast!—the coast!—and we haste away
  Down to Santa Monica's vale,
Where hoary old Neptune casts up at our feet,
  His treasures so fair and so frail.
Never was nature so truly prolific,
As on the coast of our noble Pacific.

Shadows.

ALL calm and still, the night is chill,
The fog-mist hangs so low,
Without the room, in spectral gloom,
Quaint shadows seem to go—
Shadows of other days, I ween,
Woven in life's bright, golden sheen.

Of other days! oh! the sad ways
That Memory bids us tread;
The glowing past, too bright to last,
Is peopled with our dead.
There, garnered safe in Memory's store,
A sacred shrine forevermore.

No smiles or tears, through mists of years,
Can move that pictured face;
No quick surprise, O radiant eyes!
Can with you find a place.
Yet, oh! my heart, you long to know
Where the free soul will ever go.

Up from the sod, back, back to God,
Lifting itself above

The earthly cares of hopes and fears,
As upward flies the dove;
Finding its home near the jasper sea,
Where time is lost in eternity.

California.

NOT alone where the City of Angels reposes,
Nestling down at the foot of the hills,
Nor in the beauty her orange groves discloses,
Where its perfume the balmy air fills;
Is all of the grandeur which thrills us with rapture,
But where nature 's so proudly sublime,
That we count back the years, forgetting the future,
Seeing only the grand marks of time.

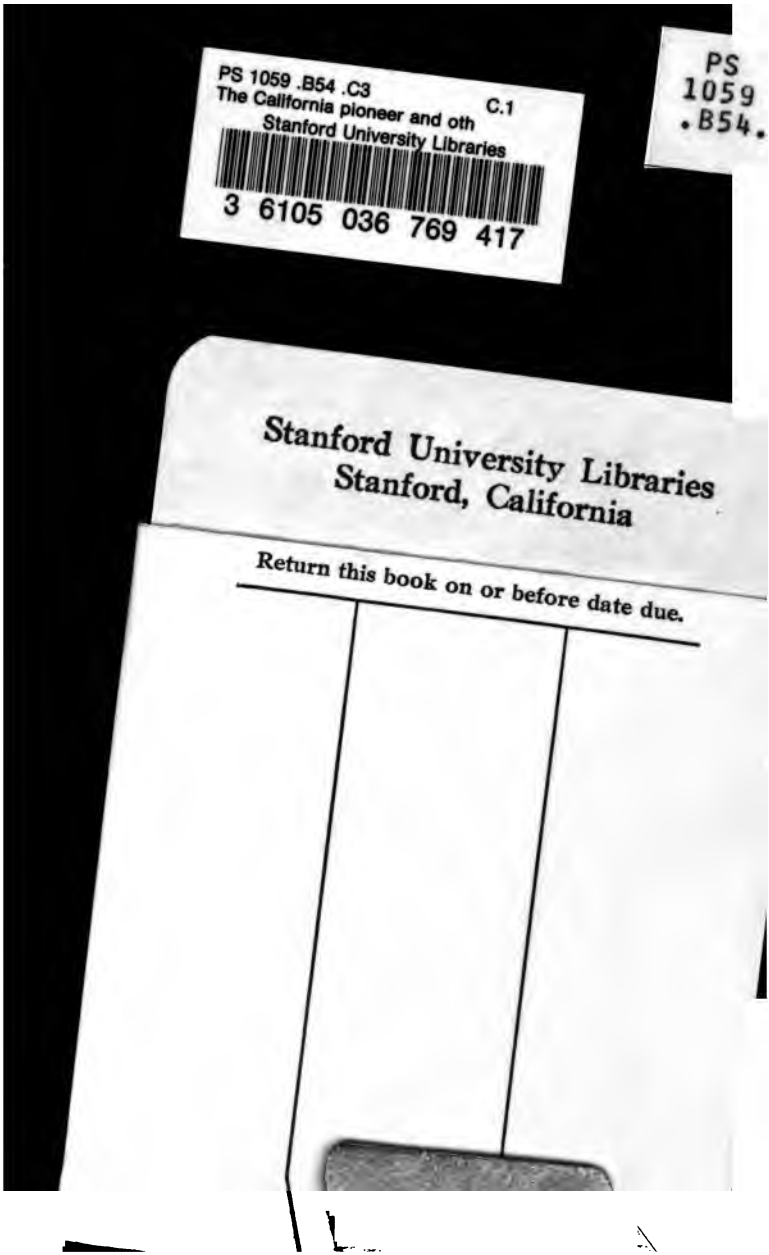
Then give me your mind, and far over the valley,
I will lead you to my childhood home;
Where the miners sang out their prospecting sally,
There ever seeking the gold as they roam.
Where the tops of the trees seem to reach to heaven,
And Sierra Nevada, snow-crowned,
Looks down o'er the valley from daylight till even,
'T is there echo repeats the glad sound.

Where El Dorado still hides her nuggets of gold,
And the stamp of the quartz-mill is heard,
And there Placerville, too, with her treasures untold,
And Coloma, whose orchards engird
The bright little village, where long years ago
The first precious golden ore was found;
Ever since then the muddy waters' flow
Sing of the gold elf under the ground.

And then there are the hills which encircled Sly Fork,
Where my brother and I oft have played,
Come, listen to the song of the stone-breaker lark,
Through the grand old woods we have oft strayed,
To gather the lilies which towered so high,
Lifting up their sweet blossoms of snow;
And the clear mountain stream underneath the blue sky,
Where the silver-trout dart to and fro.

My home has always been in the fair Golden State,
And I love both her mountains and vales;
There are legends, also, all too long to relate,
Of the miners who 've worked in her dales;
Yet not only for these do I love my bright home,
Now she holds all the heart ere held dear;
The friends of my childhood will never more roam
Till eternity claims the last year.

My heart would be here though I dwelt in other lands,
'T is here Nature's rare beauties are crowned
With God's best, fairest gifts scattered over our strands,
From mountains to where white waves rebound;
And when you shall roam 'neath our blossoms of snow,
Then may beauty and friendship all tend
To bind your heart here where the soft zephyrs blow,
Until then, *Adios*, gentle Friend.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